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# CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



SEPTEMBER, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6



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for  
SEPTEMBER  
1938

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# LAWYERS AND LIARS

YOU SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF,  
BUT ANY LAWYER CAN CATCH A LIAR



I ASKED a clever trial lawyer: "How do you know when a witness is telling a lie?"

"First of all," he replied, "you must discover how he behaves when he is telling the *truth*. You are then prepared to note any sudden departure from his natural mannerisms. For instance, a man may have a habit of twisting at a coat button, or of crossing and re-crossing his legs. But if one who does not ordinarily show such nervousness suddenly begins to at a certain part of his story, then he is probably lying.

"For that reason a good lawyer tries to put a witness at ease, asking him questions at first that may have little to do with the case, and which he would just as soon answer truthfully. You can apply this in everyday affairs. If you are trying to find out something from a neighbor, first make him feel as comfortable and unconcerned as possible. Then you have a chance to observe the differences between his truthful and untruthful behavior."

Lawyers, detectives, and reporters find that the voice is one of the best

clues to lying. Why should a man who has been talking in normal tones suddenly drop his voice to an unusually low tone? Perhaps, the psychologists tell us, because he is subconsciously ashamed of what he is now saying.

The voice may sometimes be lowered merely to slur over a single qualifying word. I heard a lawyer ask: "Would you say that John Smith is a sober, industrious person?" To which the reply was: "Yes, he is usually sober and industrious." But the witness dropped his tone on the word "usually" to make it almost inaudible. Thus he was squaring things with his own conscience by being technically truthful while deliberately trying to hide from the court the fact that John Smith now and then went on sprees. A good cross-examiner is quick to seize on a qualifying word and pin a witness down to a more definite statement.

It occasionally happens that a man is proud rather than ashamed of his lie—particularly when it is to protect somebody he loves. Then, instead of dropping his voice, he fairly shouts

his lie as if thinking to himself: "I'm doing a noble act. I don't care who hears me!"

Whenever a man seems over-anxious to convince you that a thing is true, maybe it isn't true. A lawyer asks, "Were you at home Saturday night?" If the witness *was* at home, and has no reason to conceal the fact, he replies simply, "Yes." But if he desires to conceal his whereabouts Saturday night, then he feels that a mere "yes" in an ordinary tone doesn't make it strong enough. He is more likely to say: "Yes, *I was*," with needless emphasis, and the lawyer, recognizing a familiar symptom, proceeds to get him in a corner.

Some habitual liars may be readily detected by a certain trait of self-suspicion. Most of us have encountered the fellow who has his coat-pockets filled with letters, clippings, papers of one kind or another, with which he is prepared to prove even trivial statements. "If you don't believe it," he declares, "just look here!" This same feeling of self-suspicion often prompts a liar to quote someone else as authority for his statements. "You don't need to take *my* word for it," he says. "Phil Hicks was telling me, only the other day. You can ask *him*." Not everything this man says, nor everything he quotes, is necessarily untrue; but since he appears to put a low estimate on the acceptability of his own statements, one may properly be on guard for lies. To the thoroughly honest man it

rarely occurs that his word may be doubted. Hence he doesn't habitually seek to bolster up his statements.

There is one group of lie-symptoms, familiar to lawyers, that the rest of us should be alert to when trying to get at the actual facts in our everyday business dealings, or behind some high-pressure salesman's patter. If the man you are questioning makes a glib reply to a pointed query and instantly slides off into discourse on some barely relevant topic, you have grounds to believe he is dodging an area of untruth. Or he may pretend to misunderstand your query; he answers some minor phase of it with explicit frankness, or seizes upon some incidental thought and tries to involve you in discussion of it. These are typical techniques of confusing the main issue and avoiding a truthful reply to a direct question. Another device is to say: "Before I answer that, I should explain . . ." Be on your guard when you hear that. It's a sign that the answer to your question, if you ever *do* get it, may be something less than candid.

Max Steuer, famous as one of the keenest trial lawyers in the United States, once told me that an almost never-failing clue to a lie is a protective gesture of putting a hand to one's mouth. "In one of the first cases I ever tried," he said, "a man of the highest reputation who had been telling a straightforward story put his hand over his mouth. I could hardly think the man would tell a lie, but I

later investigated. Sure enough, at that very point in his recital he had felt himself compelled to lie. From that time on, I have watched for that same gesture and *not once* in twenty-five years has it ever failed to have significance. A man may have a habit of leaning on his hand or keeping his hand near his face; but if he *suddenly* puts his hand to his mouth it is almost certainly a lie signal."

There's one warning of falsehoods-to-come that lawyers and detectives recognize instantly: "What were you doing in the hotel lobby that evening?" asks the lawyer. "What was I doing? Why, I was waiting to meet some friends."

"Who were these friends?"

"Who were they? Why—"

A few repetitions like that and it's obvious that here's a point in the witness's story worth looking into.

Trial lawyers know that witnesses are inclined to favor the side that called them. Each witness discovers that he is in an important role and he begins to have a sense of advocacy. For this very reason, a good lawyer usually cautions his witnesses in advance *not* to lie on certain catch questions almost sure to be asked by the opposing lawyer, who will ask, for instance, "Have you talked over with any lawyer what you were going to say?" Now, the witness of course *has* talked over his testimony with the lawyers who called him. No lawyer would call a witness without knowing what he is going to say—and that

doesn't mean that he tries to make the witness say anything untrue. But the witness, unless previously cautioned, fears it will reflect on his side if he says he has rehearsed his testimony and hence he is inclined to say no, that he has not talked it over. Then it is easy for the cross-examiner to trip him up.

An untruthful witness is often recognized because he represents himself as remembering too much. He can tell exactly how many people were in the room, where they sat, the precise hour at which each left—details that would hardly stick in one's memory. Another clue is this: When a man is telling of an actual occurrence his face lights up from time to time as forgotten details return to his mind; but if telling a prepared story he is likely to wear a vacant expression, as of one giving a singsong recital. When this vacant expression appears, it is well to ply him with more questions. For, as a shrewd lawyer once told me: "The most effective lie detector is still a series of surprise questions. You don't always know just what question a liar will trip over; but you may be sure there *is* such a question. It is practically impossible to foresee every prop needed to uphold a lie; but the truth has many props, and an honest witness may be nervous, confused or even self-contradictory at times and still come out of a siege of questioning with his basic truthfulness established in the minds of all hearers."

—FRED C. KELLY



DRAWING BY MARTIN DIBNER

*"How would you like us to give your baby a real home?"*

CORONET

# EDUCATION OF BARILLAS

BROKEN IN BODY BUT HEALED IN SPIRIT HE  
EMERGED FROM THE PURGATORY OF PUNISHMENT



THE world is very old at Cahala. There have been but few changes during the last four hundred years. For Cahala is yet untouched by thoughts of progress.

It was in this town that Señor Barillas, the *Ladino*, lived. He had a large house at the top of a hill and boasted of thirty servants—all Indians. He was a wealthy man and paid his help regularly once a week. Still, strange to say, no one ever worked long for Señor Barillas. The Indians he hired were always leaving. Barillas often complained about the instability of the race. He could not understand it. Only the very young Indians and a few stupid ones stayed any length of time.

But the trouble really began when Barillas sent one of his servants on an errand to a hacienda some thirty miles away. The boy was eleven years old and the load that he carried weighed seventy pounds.

Whether or not this load was too heavy for him became a matter of dispute on his return. For it was plainly evident that something was wrong with the boy's back. After two

days of bickering on the part of Barillas, and forty-eight hours of excruciating pain on the part of the Indian, the boy was grudgingly allowed to return to his home in the mountains.

Three weeks passed. Barillas gradually forgot the incident. Other things engrossed his attention. Then, suddenly—without warning—the blow fell. On Monday—Market Day for the Indians in Cahala—the little son of Barillas disappeared.

Barillas had the entire town combed. But the trick had been done too neatly. Lupez could not be found.

Distracted, Barillas drove his car up into the mountains. When he did not return that night, his wife thought that he was still hunting for the boy. When he did not come back the following day, the few friends he had searched the near-by trails in a desultory manner. When he was gone a month, the men about town shrugged their shoulders and made unflattering remarks about easy ways of getting rid of ill-tempered wives. At the end of a year, they had forgotten him. Only his wife remembered Barillas—

and she remembered only at times.

\* \* \*

But Barillas had not deserted his wife, nor had he been lost in the mountains. Some ten months later, already forgotten by his former friends, he sat staring at the Indian in front of him. He had lost weight since that day the Indians had trapped him in Chichoy Pass and had brought him to this remote Indian settlement. Tiny wrinkles showed at the corners of his eyes. His lips were set in a grimness new to them. For Barillas did not like this Indian who stood before him. Fortz was the father of the eleven-year-old boy who had been sent on that disastrous errand. Fortz was hard—unforgiving. He knew no mercy. Barillas was almost afraid.

"You carry load tomorrow to Market!" the Indian was saying.

For a moment, the level glance of Barillas met the smoldering fire in the eyes of the Indian. Then he looked away. He suddenly remembered that, just that morning, he had seen his former servant braced up against a tree to which he had to be carried.

"You sell water jugs and get me money!" went on Fortz.

"But I'm telling you that I can pay you more money than I can ever make selling your damned crockery!" shouted Barillas.

"How much?"

"Hundred quetzals!"

"Good!" said Fortz. "Señor sells one hundred quetzals of water jugs. Boy is free." He smiled vindictively.

"But I can pay you at once! Let me go to Cahala! The money is there. Two hundred—three hundred quetzals!"

"You work—like us," said the Indian slowly. "You carry jugs, or your son carry jugs. Better so—maybe. My boy carry your load. Now your boy carry my load."

Barillas looked at the broken cripple under the tree in the distance. Then he looked at his own sturdy young son playing with the Indian children near by. For the first time in his life, he felt beaten.

"I'll carry the load," he said.

That night the Indians stained his body a dark brown.

\* \* \*

The next morning, they dressed him in the cast-off clothes of a dead Indian. Sandals replaced his shoes. The Indian badge of servitude was hung upon his forehead.

This *cacaste* was a little over four feet long. Clay water jugs were packed on its shelves and lashed on its top and sides. The broad leather tumpline about his forehead led to the two sides of the load.

Barillas gasped as he tried to rise.

"Too heavy!" he protested.

The Indian shook his head.

"No human being could do it!" cried Barillas.

"A man's load. We all carry it."

Barillas staggered to his feet. Sweating and panting, he trailed after Fortz to the Market.

But, as he trudged along, Barillas



was not without hope. Perhaps this was the better way after all! The Market was a public one. There was some chance of his friends seeing him.

But that hope soon dwindled. Fortz sat at his side throughout the day. Conversation was forbidden as Fortz did all the trading. As time went on, Barillas went with Fortz to other Markets to sell jugs. But the Markets that they visited were always in the opposite direction to Cahala.

Gradually, as he learned the technique of carrying a load, his days became easier. But the long marches wore down his resistance. One day he sold nothing. He had walked fifteen miles to the Market that day and fifteen miles back. The load com-

ing back was just as heavy as the one he had carried away in the morning.

That night he tried to escape. They caught him and branded him across the cheek for that. Then he seemed to give up hope.

He became haggard, filthy, diseased. His hair fell in long, matted wisps about his neck. His cheekbones—formerly hidden under soft, thick flesh—started out as if about to burst through his skin. Accustomed to heavy meals, he never seemed to have enough to eat. He was always ravenously hungry. And he no longer asked about Lupez. He knew that the boy was near him. Sometimes he saw him playing in the distance. That seemed to satisfy him. At all events, he did

not seem to worry about the child.

All his thoughts were centered, instead, upon the pot into which his earnings were placed each night. He knew exactly how much money was in the pot, for he kept strict account of what he sold.

The small water jugs were sold at two centavos each. He hated these small jugs for, although they were lighter in weight, on the days that he carried these, he had very little to put into the precious pot.

The jugs for five centavos were better. But those that sold at ten centavos each, he liked best of all. They were popular, too, in the market. Sometimes he sold as many as six or seven in one day. On such days, the sudden light in his eyes made him look almost human.

One day, after he had been with the Indians a little over two years, the chance for which he had waited came. Antonio Pana, a merchant in Cahala, passed him as he sat in the Market at Totonicapan. Fortunately, Barillas had been left alone for a few minutes that morning.

"Antonio!" he gasped.

The man stopped in amazement and looked back at him.

"For God's sake, help me!" begged Barillas. Then, seeing the utter blankness of the man's face, he went on, in agonized fear, "Don't you know me? I'm Barillas—Barillas of Cahala!"

Still Antonio stared, openmouthed. Sweating with fear, Barillas saw the Indian coming back toward them.

"Say nothing—for God's sake, buy!"

Antonio, now fully alert to the situation, pretended to examine a jug with a critical eye. He tapped it with his fingernail.

"I'll take all you have," he said shortly.

But Fortz, suspicious, protested.

"What have you, my man?" Antonio asked haughtily.

Fortz pointed to the jugs at his feet.

"I'll take those too. I can sell the whole lot at a profit."

His suspicions lulled, Fortz helped Barillas carry the pots to the man's car. Antonio, after paying the two, drove off without another word.

Late that night, the money in the pot was counted. Barillas knew it would be the final count. Long before the Indians told him he could go, his spirit was racing ahead to Cahala.

"If you only knew how dirty you look!" said Lupez, as they trudged along in the moonlight. "You're so black!"

Barillas looked down at his shriveled arms—at his bleeding feet—at the ugly sores that, somehow, had refused to heal. Then he saw the light of the moon cut sharply through the pines to the left, trailing a thread of silver across the path before them.

He was filled with a strange thankfulness—with a fullness of spirit that he had never before experienced in all his life.

"I never knew that the mountains were so beautiful!" he said.

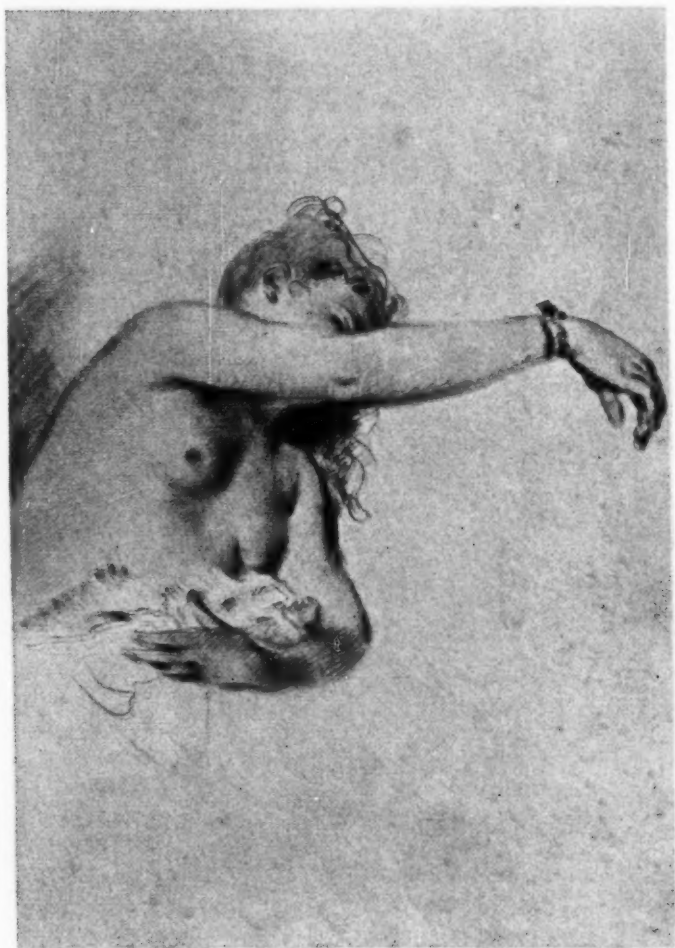
—H. L. ENANDER



MUSÉE DE L' ST. FRANÇAIS, PARIS

#### FOUR PASTELS BY WATTEAU

Initiator of the Louix XV period and guiding light of the frivolous *grand siècle*, Antoine Watteau (1684-1721) was perfect in pastel, his feathery touch endowing this fugitive medium with all the delicacy of a butterfly's wing. Here, in little, his exquisite sensitiveness and dainty manner came into full play. The least ambitious of his works, the product of spare moments, they are in a way the most characteristic.



### JEUNE FILLE NEU

Born in Flanders, Watteau wandered to Paris as a youth of eighteen. He easily slipped into the spirit of the court and, caught up in the glittering make-believe world, became the most Gallic of French painters. His favorite scenes were festooned parks animated with gay courtiers.

CORONET



### L'INDIFFERENT

With the French court dominated by the courtesan element, its art took on a feminine, sensual tone. Watteau partook of this influence, but in a more poetic vein. For the most part, he was free from the licentiousness that marked the work of Lancret, Pater, Boucher, and Fragonard.

SEPTEMBER, 1938



MUSÉE DE L' ST. FRANCAIS, PARIS

### FEMME ASSISE

Always frail, Watteau contracted tuberculosis and died at the age of 37. At the last, in an excess of puritanism, he decided that some of his paintings were too erotic and ruthlessly destroyed them. His final work was a *Crucifixion*, painted for the pastor of the town in which he died.

## PIPER, PIPE THAT SONG

WHEN THEIR EARS ARE DEAF TO HUMAN STRIFE,  
LITTLE CHILDREN CAN HEAR HIS SHRILL NOTES



THE Pied Piper of Hamelin has an evil reputation, and one that he does not justly deserve—as I can testify of my own knowledge.

I will admit, because it cannot be denied against familiar evidence, that the poet Browning made out something of an argument in the Piper's favor, and that in spite of the disappearance of Hamelin's children he was mostly on the stranger's side.

But it was an unkind slap, at the least, and a backhanded one, to accuse the town's benefactor of deliberately luring every child but one in Hamelin straight up and into the middle of Koppelberg Hill and shutting them up there forever—no matter how pleasant and wonderful the poet made their new environment seem in his description:

Where . . . honey-bees had lost their stings  
And horses were born with eagles' wings.

That was a thing the Pied Piper could not have done. It simply wasn't in his character; and if Robert Browning had actually known him as I have, he would not have suggested it,

much less have described in such detail a wholly imaginary occurrence.

"Horses with eagles' wings, indeed!" exclaimed the Piper, gently ruffling his own long-feathered pinions.

It was during an interval of darkness in Barcelona. The moon had drifted behind clouds, and the people stoically awaited another visitation by German or Italian bombers—as if the very forces of Evil itself, acquiring human form, had been unleashed from new infernos of malignity against them. I was seated outside a *posada*, with a bottle of wine before me, trying not to remember the silent or screaming children I had helped to carry that afternoon out of bombed streets and houses to the first-aid stations, when I realized that I was no longer alone.

The feeling of otherness that came over me was due neither to my exhaustion nor to the wine which I had drunk.

I was tired, but I was also quite sober. Something like the first pallor of dawn, or the faint glow that comes into the sky before moonrise, became

visible at the opposite side of my table, took on human shape and definition in the chair, and trembled into the solid substance of flesh and bone.

Nor was I frightened—the apparition seemed as natural as it was improbable. He folded his long wings at his sides with as casual a gesture as you or I would use to button a coat, and with a gracious courtesy begged leave to share my table and my wine.

“Those winged horses were only another of Browning’s romantic notions,” he informed me.

As for that other poet, William Blake, I cannot say for certain whether he ever saw and talked with the Pied Piper. But in view of the remarkable understanding Blake displayed of the visitor’s real nature I should think it was not at all unlikely.

Certainly Blake with his childlike innocence of heart and his preternatural wisdom put into his songs that being who travels under the aspect of eternity—not the fantastic fraud that Browning in some quaint children’s-hour mood of indulgence half-playfully half-seriously imagined. And although I did not think to ask the Piper about it, I believe that he seldom wearied of repeating Blake’s lines:

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:

“Pipe a song about a Lamb!”

So I piped with merry cheer.  
“Piper, pipe that song again!”

So I piped: he wept to hear.

Now, seriously, can you imagine such a Piper piping every child in town out of schoolroom and nursery and into the fastness of a hollow hill because some pack of rascally politicians had broken their promise to him and refused to stuff his wallet with gold guilders? No—that whole story of Browning’s, which he derived from a hastily manufactured tradition, is only one more illustration of the absurd way in which legends, enlarged upon from generation to generation, will at last obscure the truth and draw veils of improbable romance over the sordid facts of history.

For they *were* sordid, the facts of that Hamelin episode.

“Horses with eagles’ wings!” the Piper repeated, scornfully, as we heard faintly in the distance a hollow droning of motors and then, close at hand and all across the city, the sudden warning screams of the sirens. Looking up, we saw nothing in the eternal sky but darkness and the ten white fingers of the Barcelona searchlights groping against it like the hands of time—as if light itself, in that place, were submitted to a kind of silent desperation . . . The commotion stopped presently: it had been a false alarm.

“As a matter of fact,” continued the Piper, as quietly as if nothing unusual had occurred, “Koppelberg Hill was as



solid then as it is today. It is true that the children's rat-bitten bodies were interred in its earth (the Hamelin town cemetery was on the Koppelberg hillside, you know), but certainly that was not of my doing. The sniveling authorities of Hamelin had those corpses buried there—and in something of a hurry, let me tell you.

"I was able to conduct the children themselves elsewhere, thank Heaven!

"By shifting the blame to me, of course, they eventually—through constant repetition and the familiar force of authority—had their story accepted in spite of the weight of evidence against it.

"Just as those airplane pilots and their overlords," he added, with a

sigh that was like a cold wind out of the world's uninhabited places, "in the legends which I have no doubt they are already preparing for your descendants, will contrive some clever lie to blame me or another for the bloody fragments of children they have spattered around Africa and Spain and Asia!"

A plausible tale those Hamelin burghers made of it, too, he told me. They were clever and callous enough to devise a humorous account of the noises the rats made as they swarmed out of the sewers into stinking cellar and unclean scullery; and they resorted to romance to perfume and cover over the stench which the bodies of the bitten and diseased children

gave off as they sickened and died.

They did not attempt to account for the rats. That way lay guilt. The long neglect of municipal sanitation that had resulted from their sloth and political greed was responsible for the whole horrible business. So they simply reported that "the townsfolk suffered from vermin" and admitted that the rats "bit the babies in their cradles"—and that was all there was to it, as far as the Mayor and the Corporation were concerned.

To the children's parents, of course, it was another matter. Even so, they were partly to blame for the rats, although some of them were either too stupid to realize it or too self-righteous to admit it. Besides, a great many of the parents died, too.

Only amongst themselves did the Mayor and the Corporation break their silence about the plague that had transformed every nursery and schoolroom into a place of pestilence and almost every house in the town into a charnel-house. And then it was only to seek reasons they could try to believe in, with the forlorn hope of somehow absolving themselves of guilt in their own minds.

"There were the rats," said the Piper, "and there were the children. And then, the authorities asserted, I suddenly appeared from nowhere, wearing the most ludicrous garments and spinning a ridiculous tale about being able to draw all living creatures after me with my pipe and make them follow me wherever I would. I, who

have never blown a note to any mundane ear, who have piped only to the wandering souls and the uncomfortable hearts of all those small beings who have been driven from this earth of yours by man's inhumanity to children!

"And so they said that I had struck up a bargain with the Corporation and piped every last rat off in a vision of gluttony to drown in the river Weser. Those overfed burghers could describe that gluttonous ecstasy well enough!

"It must have been easier, too, for the Mayor and the Corporation to profess a small guilt than to admit their actual crime; and so their story of refusing to pay me, whom they had never laid eyes on, a sum of money that had not been promised to anyone.

"It was not a pretty picture, certainly—but it effectually obscured a worse. They simply could not afford to be caught out before the world in the full extent of their responsibility for the decaying corpses of those children—which no one but the Hamelin town undertaker and his assistants had covered up forever under Kopelberg Hill!"

The Piper was silent, his wings motionless at his sides, his dark eyes staring at the wine-rings on the table as if at the obscure, overlapping circles of human wickedness and sorrow.

During our talk the moon had come out from behind the clouds, and its light now filled the midnight sky

with a pallid brilliance beneath which Barcelona's streets and buildings extended in irregular patterns of black and white into the distance. A faint rumor of sound arose from the city—not as if it slept, but as if it awaited an opportunity to sleep.

I was the first to end our silence. "You said you had taken the children themselves elsewhere?" I suggested. The Piper's eyes as he looked up at me were large, dark and as if luminous in his pale face, shadowy and indistinct in the moonlit darkness.

"They perish of the plague in Hamelin town, or China," he answered. "They are starved slowly out of their bodies in the slums of London or Chicago. They are pierced by the Paynim's arrows or by the spears of the Crusaders or are cut to pieces by Roman Legions or trampled to death by the Czar's Cossacks. They die in tenement fires or school explosions; they freeze to death in unheated hovels in winter or gasp for air in summer on the sweltering floors of crowded gashouse districts.

"They are even killed by drunken parents or by parents who in a frenzy of desperation end their children's lives and their own rather than see them suffer hunger another day. They succumb to accidents or diseases that could have been prevented at smaller cost than the expense of burying their bodies and with less care than governments use to equip and train a regiment of murderers. They are slaughtered by the sword in a massa-

cre on St. Bartholomew's Day, or are blown to pieces by aerial bombs in the holocausts of Shanghai and Barcelona.

"And yet these children have harmed no one—not even themselves, as adults do. Theirs are the innocent souls on your earth. I shall continue to shepherd them carefully away from the despicable environment into which they were born, in which they have so cruelly suffered, and from which death has delivered them. I have had this task from the beginning—and it becomes no lighter as the centuries succeed one another and men's wisdom and virtue seem to increase or diminish, but never to improve. I do it happily, my friend, and to a piping of carefree music. I am saddened only when I reflect upon the evils these children have had to endure at the hands of their ordained protectors!"

He fingered his narrow pipe and began to sing, in a low voice: "On a cloud I saw a child, and he laughing said to me . . ."—but ceased almost as soon as he had begun. He appeared to listen toward the sky.

"They are coming back," he said. "The planes?" I cried.

I heard nothing until the first bomb struck. Its roar assailed my ears and I felt the pavement rock beneath my feet. As the sirens resumed their tumult and the searchlights again leapt skyward, I heard the squadron's motors reverberate under the hollow vault of the sky. I remembered what I had forgotten: that the planes usually

drifted in with silent motors, high above the reach of the anti-aircraft guns, and that the first bomb dropped was often the first warning of a raid. A thudding of explosions in the distance sounded as if a succession of giant fists were pounding on the doors of huge, empty cellars at the bottom of space. Mushrooms of smoke billowed vaguely dark in the moonlight, and flames broke out in several regions as incendiary bombs were dropped.

"Have you ever seen a child's kindergarten exercise torn to pieces and thrown into his face by some brutal instructor?" he asked me. "It is like that now with their lives. Now I must be everywhere at the same instant—I must go."

As indefinitely as he had appeared, he began to take on again the bodiless condition of light—but of a radiance brighter than the moonlight with which he appeared to merge. As he spread his wings and mounted rapidly into the thin air, it seemed to me that I heard an unearthly piping: a swirling upward of notes as melodious as rain in summer when it patters on the roof of one's childhood home and birds twitter under the eaves. It was as comforting and reassuring as a mother's or a father's voice.

I thought, too, that I beheld a flight of tiny forms sweep upward into the night to follow that piping, as leaves will flash in the sunlight after a summer shower.

For several hours that night, until early dawn, while bombs fell like

harbingers of some Satanic apocalypse and the sirens shrieked out of the inferno of our time, I took part in the work of salvaging its victims. I remember a boy whom we found slumped uninjured against a wall, moaning as hysterically as one of the lost souls in the seven circles of Dante's hell while he stared at a woman crushed beneath fallen masonry in the street and at the corpse of a man whose clothing had been ripped from his body by a bomb's concussion. . . . I have tried to forget the small girl whose face a flying fragment of shrapnel had torn half away . . .

During those hours, there was no peace in my mind, only an unappeasable anger at the enemies of man—at the rats of Hamelin and the rats of Burgos, at the hypocrites of the Corporation and the egomaniacs of the Corporate State.

No matter how sweetly and clearly the Piper's melodies had sounded in the children's ears, they had echoed only faintly in mine far away above the roar of carnage. And equally faint and distant, fading into the searchlighted sky where another dawn was beginning below the wan horizon, was the vision which I had seen and could not forget—of a throng of laughing children seated on a cloud above the stricken city and the wilderness of this world crying all together as in one clear small voice:

"Piper, pipe that song again!"

So he piped: I wept to hear.

—WILLIAM STEPHENS

# MINIONS OF THE MOON

THE WORLD CLINGS OBSTINATELY TO THE LUNAR CALENDAR—AND WE ARE ALL LUNATICS TO DO IT



BUSINESS is disturbed about the calendar. And in this country Business is King. At least, it was until recently. Right now, it doesn't know if it is sitting on the throne or on the stove, but long accustomed to rule, it still feels that the throne is its proper seat. When a King is troubled, he naturally wants the trouble removed; he wants something done about it. So, our King Business, even if his throne seems rather a hot seat, wants something done about the calendar.

The calendar, it seems, is Inefficient, and, to our King, Inefficiency is all the Seven Deadly Sins. The calendar, as it stands, is Bad for Business. And whatever hurts Business hurts You. So I've read on the billboards.

Our present calendar, with its twelve months of 28 or 29, 30, or 31 days each month, with its  $52 \frac{1}{7}$  weeks, is open to some very serious objections from a Business point of view. It is difficult, almost impossible, for Business concerns to make Accurate Comparisons of any one month with any other month—as to income, expense, profit, loss, sales, purchases, wages, salaries, everything. It is diffi-

cult or impossible for Business to compare the months of the same year because of differences in number of days (28, 29, 30 or 31) and in kind of days, for some months have four Sundays and some five, some have four Saturdays and others five, some four Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays or Fridays and others five. Business knows that different days of the week have different Business values. It is difficult or impossible for Business to compare the same month of different years—January 1938 with January 1937, June 1937 with June 1935, for example—because the same months in different years contain different allotments of days of the week. It would be nice for Business if all months had the same number of days and the same days of the week, each year and every year.

Accounting is really in a terrible mess now. And Car Loadings! What do they mean per month when you can't depend on the months? And Bank Clearances! Business must make Accurate Comparisons; it must know where it's at. But now all is chaos!

There have been remedial pro-

posals. One of the most prominent is that known as the Cotsworth Proposal for Calendar Reform, the suggestion of Moses B. Cotsworth. The Cotsworth plan calls for thirteen months in a year. Each month would have 28 days—exactly four weeks. Each month would begin on Sunday and would, of course, have exactly the same days of the week as every other month. The second Saturday of every month would be the 14th, for every year. The third Thursday would always be the 19th. The extra month, to be called "Sol," would be the middle month of the year, inserted between June and July. As the thirteen months would contain 364 days, there would be an extra day, not belonging to any month, at the end of the year. It would be known as "Year Day." Every four years an additional day would be inserted between June and Sol. It is proposed, although this is not an essential part of the scheme, to shift as many holidays to Monday as possible, even if this involves changing the holiday dates now observed. Such an arrangement would mean many pleasant week ends. Independence Day, for example, would be celebrated on the Second of July. Well, Madison Square Garden isn't at Madison Square any more, so it would seem that the Fourth of July could be celebrated on the Second. Anyway, there's some support for the view that the Founding Fathers really declared independence on the Second. If Election Day could be moved to Monday,

it would always be on November 2. If Christmas were pushed to a Monday of the Cotsworth calendar, it would always be on December 23. Of course, New Year's Day would always be a Sunday.

An article in *The Outlook*, September 28, 1927, in telling the advantages of the Cotsworth plan, said:

"It is estimated that by changing the circulation of money values from twelve times a year to thirteen times a year about two billion dollars will be released in Europe for business expansion, and in all countries about five billion dollars. This in addition to the enormous saving made in getting rid of unnecessary labor now used in constant and unsatisfactory business adjustment . . . Is it not time that business should insist on getting rid of a time measure that never was of any use?"

But the Cotsworth plan is not the only plan of calendar reform being seriously considered. Indeed, the special Committee of Enquiry of the League of Nations, which is studying calendar reform, is said to have considered 185 plans. But the one that seems at present the chief rival of the Cotsworth proposal is one that would retain the present system of twelve months in a year but would make the quarters of the year uniform. Each quarter would consist of three months of thirty-one, thirty and thirty days—ninety-one days to a quarter. Each month would have exactly the same number of working days—twenty-six.

This plan also provides for an extra day called "Year-End Day," to be considered an extra Saturday, and the extra "Leap Year Day," to be considered another extra Saturday. Supporting this new twelve-month year is the World Calendar Association, which is combating the arguments of the International Fixed Calendar League in favor of the thirteen-month year.

There seems to be quite a lively battle going on between the Thirteen-Monthers and the Reformed Twelve-Monthers. Both are considering the interests of Business very tenderly, bidding tactfully but strongly for the support of Business. Business, looking with hungry favor on the neat mathematics of the Cotsworth thirteen-month calendar, must have been almost flabbergasted by the shattering attack brought to bear on this scheme by the Reformed Twelve-Monthers. A debate was held before the Commerce Committee of the American Bar Association on April 11, 1933, by representatives of the two proposals. Miss Elisabeth Achelis, president of the World Calendar Association, speaking for the Reformed Twelve-Monthers, told the benefits of her plan and then rather tore into the Thirteen-Monthers, saying:

"The increased cost of a thirteen-month calendar would be a serious item of expense in many directions. There would be an extra monthly closing of all accounts and tabulations, an 8 per cent increase in the

number of billings and postage, 13 instead of 12 readings of meters, monthly rentals and all other monthly operations in business, professions and homes."

To contemplate Increased Costs and an Extra Monthly Closing of Accounts and Tabulations must give Business a ghastly chill.

Further, the Reformed Twelve-Monthers point out that a thirteen-month calendar would make impossible the division of the year into half-years and quarters. Most corporations pay interest and dividends (when able) on quarterly and half-yearly dates, and they publish not only annual but quarterly and semi-annual reports. Would not Business be very sick indeed without Quarterly and Semi-Annual Reports?

But, returning to that debate, it should be said that the case of the Thirteen-Monthers was presented by Mr. M. N. Stiles, American Secretary for the International Fixed Calendar League. Mr. Stiles argued that the reform advocated by Miss Achelis's organization was only a partial one. If it were achieved, it would not satisfy future generations. Under the Reformed Twelve-Month plan, he said, each month, it was true, would have just twenty-six working days but they would be "different kinds of days." Thus, one month would have four Saturdays while another would have five, making it impossible for Business with heavy Saturday trade to make Accurate Comparisons. And what is

Business without Accurate Comparisons? Under his plan, every month had exactly the same number of days and exactly the same kind of days. Accurate Comparisons!

But no Quarterly and Semi-Annual Payments and Reports! How about that?

But different kinds of days and no Accurate Comparisons! How about that?

In a sense, of course, our blessing should be extended to advocates of both the calendar proposals, for all are eagerly seeking to aid and elevate Business, to make things smoother and neater and more arithmetical for Business, to Standardize and to Simplify. But why, in the name of all that's Standardized and Simplified, should we bother with months at all?

The institution of the months is due to the changes of the moon. To be sure, our present months don't correspond exactly to anything the moon does, but there's no doubt, I think, that a month was originally intended to match a cycle of the moon. Somehow the length of a month came to vary from a moon cycle and, after a bit, for various reasons that are on record, the months came to have different lengths. But having months at all, with all the complexities that go with them, means that we servilely submit to the dominion of the moon, of Luna. We are Lunatics to do it!

If we should adopt a reformed twelve-month calendar, we'd still be

Lunatics. If we had thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, we'd be as loony as ever, for those months would be as near to lunar months as what we have now. We'd still be under the tyranny of the moon—the moon's minions.

Business has been hoodwinked—has not been very bright. It is true that the calendar needs reform, for the benefit of Business. But it needs a much more drastic, more fundamental, reform than the changes proposed by the Thirteen-Monthers and the Twelve-Monthers. The True Solution of the problem is very simple, as many true solutions are. If we want, if Business wants, efficiency, simplification, flexibility, Accurate Comparisons, let us adopt a really simplified calendar instead of a halfway one. Let us chuck over the months altogether, also the weeks, also the names of the days. Let us at once eliminate complications and get back to realities. A day is a reality. So is a year. There is an event in nature to correspond to each. The earth really turns on its axis each twenty-four hours. It really circles around the sun. The day and the year are legitimate, real. The months and the weeks are illegitimate, unreal—pure inventions. They should be abolished. And their abolition would make matters much easier for Business.

The only truly efficient, completely simplified calendar is one consisting only of days. Each year, of course, would have its number as now, and

each day would be designated by number only, from 1 to 365, or 366 in leap year. This is the Ultimate Calendar. It would free us forever from the dominance of the moon. No longer would we be the moon's minions. As things are now, Business and the Moon, with respect to the calendar, battle for mastery. We cannot serve two masters. The days-only Ultimate Calendar would make Business our sole, undisputed master.

Behold, how flexible, how tractable, is the days-only calendar! Business may divide it—for Reports, for Interest and Dividend Payments, for Comparisons—in any way at all, into halves, quarters, fifths—any old way. There would be no Monthly Reports, of course, as there would be no months. But we have seen that Monthly Reports are inaccurate, deceptive and meaningless. Abolition of them would greatly benefit Business. But reports for all and any fractions of a year would provide Accurate Comparisons.

As to Sundays, holidays, holy days, anniversaries of every sort, when matters had once been adjusted they would go on smoothly and accurately forever. If desired, each seventh day could be a holiday as now, called "Sunday" by those who wished to call it so. To preserve the uniformity of the year, there would be an extra holiday or Sunday somewhere along the route, at the end or in the middle. And an additional holiday or Sunday in leap year.

Consider how some of our anni-

versaries would be designated under the Ultimate Calendar. Lincoln's Birthday would always fall on Forty-three, Washington's Birthday on Fifty-three, St. Patrick's Day on Seventy-six, Memorial Day on One Hundred and Fifty, the Fourth of July on One Eighty-five. How easy and simple! I guarantee that the celebration of One Eighty-five would be as noisy as the celebration of the Fourth of July. And the celebration of Christmas on Three Fifty-nine would be normally joyous.

I can see one group that might complain at the installation of the Ultimate Calendar. The poets! They are always for traditional institutions, old associations, sentimental twaddle. But why should poets be considered if Business is served? Some very profound thinkers, including the immortal Plato, have distrusted the poets and have thought them an evil influence in the affairs of mankind. Probably the poets ought to be abolished along with the months. At any rate, their preferences are not to be given any weight against the preferences of Business. Poets for centuries have been singing of the beauty and glory of May. Well, they'll just have to learn to sing of the beauty and glory of One Twenty-one to One Fifty-one, inclusive. And instead of shouting, "What is so rare as a day in June?" they'll have to inquire in a manner more simple and dignified: "What is so rare as a day in the period embracing One Fifty-two to One Eighty-one?" —J. H. WALLIS

## AN OPINION ON WEST EDEN

AFTER IT HAPPENED THE SONGS AND LAUGHTER  
STOPPED IN THE HOUSE OF THE COLORED FOLKS



*I*n the night some wretched neighbor had poisoned my beautiful affable cat, and I was so shattered and enraged that when the postman came I told him about it.

I run across an instance of losing an animal, he said, easing his pouch down to the garden parapet without slipping the shoulder strap. It was when I used to deliver the route over to West Eden. It ain't what you'd call a hightone district, but there's always something going on.

There was especially this big shabby-painted old house in among a lot of brick buildings. It was the only one left on the block that had a yard, and there was a porch all around two sides of it with vines growing up it. A big colored family lived there, and they had a good time. I don't mean like *My Old Kentucky Home* in the movies, but they didn't worry any, and they lived all over the place. If the girls happened to be out in the yard they always had something good-natured to say when you passed by. A lot of singing went on inside, and hollering back and forth from one room to another, and usually it smelled like there was something good

on the stove. I took a big interest because it was like somewheres in a foreign or European city, even while the family was the most American thing on the block, the way colored people always are.

Matter of fact, I got to stop in a couple of times a week. They was always getting letters from the South or New York City about how their race was doing in other parts of the country, and whenever I brought one the old lady would ask me in for a couple of the best doughnuts or something you ever eat.

What I'm aiming at, they had a small black dog name of Gyppie. He was just a mongrel with one of those big bushy tails curled up over onto his back, but he had a nice coat, and he was the smartest animal I ever seen. Anything any dog could do, that Gyppie could do.

He couldn't only just sit up and speak, and be a dead dog like a lot of them. They'd give him tough ones like go upstairs to the back room and bring down Louise's blue slipper. All the while they were telling him he'd be looking at them and listening, with

his mouth open and his tail and ears hanging down, all worried and shaking inside, wanting to do it right. And when he finally got it he'd shoot upstairs and fetch the right thing back—not just Mattie's or anybody's slipper, but Louise's, the blue one. Then everybody would be pleased and laugh, and he'd dance around proud of himself until he got a piece of something for a prize.

I remember once the girls had been to a party the night before, and the old lady took it into her head to send him for Mattie's fan. Everybody said oh pshaw he couldn't do it, and tried to talk the old lady out of it, but she stuck to it and said Gyppie'd be able to. So they all began telling him very careful what they wanted.

He seemed to know it was a big test, and I was sorry for him, the way he shook and worried and tried to understand. Finally his nerve broke, and he scooted upstairs and came back with the wrong thing, and they all started to be scared that he wouldn't be able to do it. They kept up telling him, more and more solemn, what they wanted.

Finally I began wishing I wasn't there. They were all ashamed and disappointed, and mad at the old lady for thinking up such a crazy show-off idea in the first place. We'd sit there and listen to his paws on the stairs, and hold our breaths till he came back.

But finally damn if he didn't come back with the fan. And when he found

out he was right he practically had a fit, and that family couldn't have been happier if they'd come into a fortune. I never seen an animal that thought more of any people, white or not, than that Gyppie thought of those people. And that meant a lot to them.

They were all crazy over him, but it seemed like the one that fussed most about him was Mattie, the younger girl. She was a nice-looking kid, with a gold-colored face, and a sharp-cornered smile, and very dark brown eyes you couldn't tell what she was thinking from. She was always at the gate to see if I had a letter, and if I did the old lady would holler out to her to bring me in, and she'd pass it on.

One winter after I'd been friends with the family for about a year there was an epidemic of small pox. I don't know why but the Board of Health put out an ordinance that any dog caught running loose off of his own property would be taken up and put out of the way. I spoke to Mattie about it when I saw her, but she just laughed and said it would take a horse to drag Gyppie out of his own frontyard. The only time he ever went out was when he had to see about a lamppost.

Late one afternoon during the epidemic I was coming home along the route. It was just dark, and the street lamps were lighted. I passed the old house when I saw Gyppie coming back, trotting very fast the way he did, with his hind end off on

one side for speed. I was glad to see him, and getting ready to say something, when I saw Doan the big young policeman crossing over from the other side of the street. He had his pistol out, and before I could think fast enough, he called, and the dog stopped.

I turned around and went back so I wouldn't be watching when it happened, but the report made my ears bang. When I'd gone a ways further I couldn't help looking once. Gypsie was down on the pavement, pushing around crazy, and Doan was standing under the street light, looking at him, with his pistol in his hand. Nearer to me the front gate had just squawked open, and Mattie was tearing down the block on her long legs, not making a sound.

I knew how they'd feel in the house, and I was afraid to go back there. When I finally had to, I tried to say something to Mattie about maybe the dog was better off. She didn't even look at me when she answered. She just said, as if it didn't matter much, that things like that happened. I was worried because I knew she was different, and I knew that was really the opinion she'd come to, and I didn't think she'd ever change her mind.

No sir, they didn't do anything about it. Nothing to do then. Anyway colored people in this country don't often figure you can do anything about a white man in a uniform. They just took it, and weren't so nice after-

wards. I don't mean they were ever fresh or anything when I brought the mail. But they stopped being friends, and the old lady didn't ask me in for pie and so on. I'd go on past, feeling that I was just a dumb letter carrier.

Funny thing though. I never had much to do with Doan or any cop, but one day when I met him on the route I was feeling dirty, and I asked him if he'd shot any pets lately. Well right away that cop look come off his face, and he fell in beside me, hurrying to keep up.

I had my orders, he says. I couldn't do nothing about it.

He seemed awful worried.

You could have give the dog a boot home, I says. It was only a half a block.

I'm just a member of the force, he says. I couldn't do nothing about it.

I felt sorry for the big kid with his gun and his uniform, acting like he owed me money.

It wasn't so good, he says, looking off down the street. When I give it to him, he right away sits up with his paws toward me, like that was what I wanted. There wasn't much more than half of him still holding together, but the damn dog sits up and speaks.

I wanted to get out of there but he took hold of me. Look, he says, I often thought if at the time I'd maybe had the pooch stuffed for them. But I don't guess that would have done no good.

No, I says. I don't guess it would.

—CYRIL HUME

# HOW TO TALK YACHTING

*YOU CAN CALL A SKIPPER AN EXHIBITIONIST  
BUT NEVER, NEVER CALL HIS CRATE A YACHT*



THERE is nothing even remotely approaching the lingo of the sportsman afloat for persnickity, complex screwiness. It is so persnickity in fact that you, as a neophyte, can consider its maze a blessing. Nobody ever gets all the answers right. Just to prove it to you, witness what we two authors—there are two of us bearing each other up in this piece for no one man should dare attempt it alone—have got to do right quick-fast. We have got to bail out our title. It is the only one possible for such an essay but it won't please the sailors.

Yachting is the only correct name for the sport but it is a word despised, loathed, anathema. The only time you can call a sportsman-sailor a yachtsman and not make him squirm, is in his obituary notice. "He was a prominent yachtsman," the morgue writer says, "member of . . .," and he lies still and takes it, maybe likes it. Any other time, you are a golfer or a badminton player if you call him that. And he never goes "yachting." Good God, no. "Out for a little sail," he goes, or "we just took a slant across the Sound," or "we might take her

out and get a smell of it," he says. Nor is his vessel ever, on his lips, a yacht. "My boat," he will say even though the dictionary states his sloop, or cutter, or yawl, or schooner, or rower cruiser cannot possibly be a boat. "My old crate," he will call her though she cost him thirty thousand and the gold of her varnish and brass gleams brave as a royal barge. You can try it but make it read, "a sweet—" or better yet endearingly inflected, "—a tough little crate." So you see it is so haywire from the very beginning all you have to do is make one or two passes that are not so bad at the start just to keep the deck from cocking their ears at you, and the rest doesn't matter.

The first thing that happens if you are putting to sea or being invited to put to sea, is that up out of the companionway pops a drink. "Down the hatch," is not just right. We can't tell you why. You can say it your second time out and every time thereafter but there is something about your inflection the first time you try it with a tideway under you that makes it sound false. "Glad to be aboard," is your speech. Your host has been say-

ing it all winter in the penthouses and apartments of his yachting and non-yachting friends and you may employ it on a landing float, under a gaudy beach umbrella, or even on the yacht.

The next point is negative. Don't say "downstairs." "Upstairs" is equally bad, but we'll presume for the moment that you are standing on deck in your hobnailed shoes, twisting this way and that and inscribing concentric circles in the varnish. If you say, "May I have a look downstairs?" your host will blanch, shudder convulsively and reply, "Yes, let's go below." He usually says, "downstairs" himself when talking naturally, but he knows better. It is like speaking of the Episcopalian church to an Episcopalian.

The next word not to use is rope. A sailboat is littered with manila or wire ropes but none of them are ropes. Many landlubbers trying to be in the know, speak of sheet-ropes, but that is only an aggravation of the original offense. Don't introduce rope at all because if you do your host is sure to tell you that there actually are nine ropes aboard a sailboat, one of which—bucket rope—he can name. He'll make your life miserable trying to remember the other eight.

A boat has no front nor back. Fore it has, and aft. Forward is the bow which in very special circumstances can be referred to as "the bows." But don't, we beg of you, ever speak of the "prow." John Masefield may have used it but he is a poet, or was before

he wrote *Sea Fever*. And if you're up front there and say, "Let's go back," meaning that you'd like to go to the other end of the yacht, your host will probably think you want to go home and will put you ashore. Which is one way out of it.

Possibly the deck you are standing on is a cruising deck. If so it is well to know what questions to ask. Don't say, "When you're racing in the ocean like that do you anchor every night?" And don't ask, "How do you get your bearings in such a little yacht?" Bearings is a perfectly good nautical word but like every other one in the glossary you need more training to know how to use it. It is better to roll the ball of conversation with something like this: "I'm told that the new sport of ocean racing is popular because it's the perfect medium for the exhibitionist. Are you an exhibitionist?"

That's a good one. It's a good one in any circumstance but especially if his crew is about. After he has hit the ceiling—beg pardon the overhead—he will tell you he doesn't give a hang about seeing his name in the papers. He enjoys the sport because it gives him an opportunity to pit himself against the elements as well as his fellow men.

Possibly you are on a racing deck or in a racing cabin. There is only one yachting trophy that you have to know about and that is the 87-year-old America's Cup, more familiarly known as the Lipton Cup because Tommy Lipton tried for it so often.

Mention of one good cup always brings up another and if your host is after one or has won one at any time in his long sailing history, you have done your trick. From the America's Cup he tacks over to his cup and you are there for the rest of the watch, silent, engrossed, content.

You can, of course, talk to a yachtsman without blundering into the hidden traps of their patois. George S. Kaufman, the playwright, talked to Harold S. Vanderbilt, owner of the America's Cup defender *Ranger* last winter and got away with it fine. Vanderbilt had been to see Kaufman's *You Can't Take It With You*, and when the two happened to be introduced to each other at the Players' Club, said:

"I've just been to the funniest play I ever saw. Are you interested in the theatre?"

Kaufman knew where Vanderbilt had been and never blinked an eye.

"What interests me is the big racing sloops," he said. "I like to see the *Endeavour* try to trim the *Ranger*. Do you ever get up that way?"

One parting hunch. It is so easy to fall into the error of rhapsodizing about lovely moonlit nights at sea, golden days on the bounding main. Don't do it, Jack.

You ought to be all right—er—unless you've brought your straw hat aboard, or a bouquet of flowers, or your umbrella.—CHARLES RAWLINGS

and ALFRED LOOMIS

## TURNABOUT

WHEN does the next train leave for Chicago?"

"Eight o'clock, madam. Track eighteen."

"Thank you. Standard or daylight saving?"

"Standard, madam. Daylight saving stopped last October."

"Oh yes. That's right. Does the train leave here at eight o'clock or get there?"

"Leaves here, madam."

"Goes to Chicago, eh?"

"That's right."

"What track did you say?"

"Track eighteen."

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, just a minute, madam. Where

did you say you want to go?"

"Chicago."

"Oh yes. That's right; you did, didn't you? Planning to fly?"

"No, no. By train."

"Of course. You told me. Planning to take the train to Chicago, eh?"

"Certainly."

"I suppose when the train gets to Chicago, you'll get out?"

"Look here, what's the idea of asking me all those stupid questions?"

"Just getting in a little practice, madam. They're retiring me from this job tomorrow on a pension, and I'm going to spend the rest of my life traveling."

—PARKE CUMMINGS



*George G. Thompson*

## WAYS AND MEANS

I have seen a little bug,  
Not bigger than a grain of wheat,  
Climbing the tilted height of a grass blade  
Like a laborer up the boom of a derrick;

And I have heard the early woodpecker  
Up a tree in the Adirondacks  
Busy with his pneumatic riveting hammer  
In irregular staccatos;

And I have seen a spider  
Descending, a little mop of black legs,  
Down a filament of sheer mist—a steel worker  
At the end of his iron cable  
Down the side of a tall skeleton of girders:

And I was wondering where the fire-fly  
Plugs his lean cord of wind,  
In what socket in space?

—I. H. NEWMAN

# RISE OF THE GHOST

PUTTING WORDS IN THE MOUTHS OF  
THE MIGHTY HAS ITS COMPLICATIONS



EVER since the foundation of the Republic, the ghost writer has stalked in the darkness of our history. It is sometimes very hard to get at his activities. For example, it has been alleged in reputable historical circles that Alexander Hamilton was the ghost writer of George Washington's *Farewell Address*. It could never, perhaps, be proved conclusively, short of a letter from Washington, though I have not looked carefully into the evidence. We do know that Hamilton sent in some material and succeeded in planting in the speech a warning note that was supposed to refer to New York's Tammany Hall. The point about the ghost writer's influence is that it seldom can be proved conclusively, and yet it is there just the same.

We know, for instance, that in the preliminary skirmishes of the 1936 campaign for election of a President of the United States, Herbert Hoover suddenly blossomed out in a new literary style. The public products of his costive brain had previously been all too recognizable, though there were ghosts in the White House even in

those days. Hoover's pronouncements as President, however, were characterized by a muddy confusion of wordage and a sour cautiousness of thought. After Hoover had been released from the chains of political responsibility, however, he took on a new complexion, ruddier than the old. During the spring of 1936, before the political conventions met, when Hoover was particularly active, his speeches suddenly became actually witty. The transformation was a bit too rapid. We had been used to the old Hoover and needed a more gradual introduction to the new. It was as if Mrs. Stanwood Menken should suddenly become Mae West. Even the newspapers smelled a ghost, and it was noted in the press that wherever Herbert Hoover went lately, there was his literary friend, Ben Allen. Mr. Allen was given credit, rightly or wrongly, for many of the witticisms which Hoover now sprinkled through his opposition.

President Roosevelt, too, had his ghosts. We don't know how many Presidents have had ghosts, because the value of a good ghost is in direct

proportion to his ability to keep himself anonymous. Dr. Stanley High used to be credited in Washington during the spring of 1936 with a good deal of responsibility for some of Roosevelt's speeches. Dr. High was said, then, to have the church touch. And the churches were still thought to command quite a few votes. But there were also others who had the labor touch, the farmer touch, the touch of the Forgotten Man, or the anti-monopoly flair. How much all these sliding wraiths in the background had to do with the President's finished product, we shall never know. Some say that the President, in the end, always writes his own speeches, taking what his ghosts bring forth as a base and improving upon it just before train time. That seems plausible, for most of his speeches sound handmade.

But Washington itself is paradise for ghost writers. Every department of government has them somewhere, either on the payroll, or just for the hell of it, but always in the background. No busy executive—and high government executives are all overworked and underpaid—has the time to write as well as to act, no less think. There is a great deal of necessary spade work done in the ghost yards. Something must be prepared in advance of a large public meeting so that the newspapers will have it ready to print on time. Some popular government speakers, after looking over and approving the work of their

ghosts, have it mimeographed and released to the press. Then, the men having fleshy personalities of their own, frequently get up and say what is in their minds instead of what has been prepared for them and published in the newspapers.

Speech material is also supplied by government departments to senators and representatives, but they do not always use it. I was once a government ghost myself for a while, and I wrote at white heat and in a hurry quite a few passionate expositions of the advantages of the work of my department, which were thereupon sent to Capitol Hill by my bosses. I believed what I wrote, but apparently the congressmen didn't, for I never once recall seeing any of my oratorical flights in the *Congressional Record*. The congressmen frequently used facts and figures from our work, if they were administration congressmen, and sometimes some of my fellow ghosts were rewarded with the glimpse of one of their phrases, and that was considered a fine feather in the cap of any good government ghost. But most of our work was for filing cabinets and trash baskets.

Lest the reader should come to the hasty conclusion that all is rotten in Washington, I should like to point out that Industry, too, has its high-powered ghosts, and Business cannot always write for itself. Perhaps the present phase of civilization may go down in history as the Ghost Age.

I once helped a fumbling mind in

the business world to correct expression. I undertook the work because my employer was good-hearted, well-meaning and hopelessly idealistic in a hard world. He was no more Fascist than I am, and I think he actually believed the Lion would lie down with the Lamb, if only he could get them to listen to him. He used to dictate an awful lot of incoherent words to his secretary, poor thing, and then, after painful conferences, I would put down on paper what I thought he wanted to say and try to keep my own idea of what ought to be said to myself. The relationship had its stresses and strains, but we parted friends after the book was finished, and I was told to call again.

For those among the unemployed who may be thinking of taking up ghostwriting, I should like to say that you don't have to lose your soul entirely, though you'll never get into the higher income brackets unless you sell out religiously. If you are willing to live modestly, you can still take your pick. If you are not a Fascist, you can still refuse to write for the Fascist mind, and if you are not a Communist you can still refuse to write for the Communist mind. That limits your trade and saves your soul. There are still a few creaky, confused men left who don't know how to express themselves and yet have a compelling passion to tell the world how to right itself. Often they are apt to be liberals with a message or Republicans without power. The safest principle is to

figure out for yourself how much damage you think your man could do to humanity, and then either take the job or refuse it. That, I know, is hard to gauge sometimes, for very innocent looking pink-cheeked, chubby business men can, when you get into them, turn out to be filled with Fascist germs, and very bland lawyers are sometimes loaded with the Communist virus. Personally, I wouldn't write for Eugene G. Grace and Tom Girdler, Earl Browder and Bob Minor, the American Legion, Stalin, Mayor Hague of Jersey City, Hitler or the du Ponts, but then those are little prejudices of mine. I would write almost any time for Franklin D. Roosevelt, John L. Lewis, Walt Disney or Charlie Chaplin.

The ghost business has other dark angles. Every editorial writer for a large newspaper or a conservative, liberal, radical weekly is *per se* a ghost writer. The council of the mighty, consisting of owners or editor representatives of owners, sits down and fixes policies, and assignments are handed out. Then the staff men, who are naturally Fascists, Communists, liberals or Tories on Sundays, pour out several hundred words each, and sometimes they don't believe a word of them. They, too, are not selling their own beliefs, but their powers of expression of other people's beliefs. They are occasionally permitted to write little paragraphs about the arrival of the groundhog or the Christmas Spirit. Frequently, they suggest

topics which they know are in line with the paper's policy. The same men could be trained to work for *Time*, the *New Republic* and the Hearst press, once they had caught on to the vernacular in each case. Sometimes, no doubt, it worries members of the staff a lot when the paper tends toward war or peace and they are boiling for peace or war, but a reliable American writer knows how to measure his words.

Some of our most distinguished syndicated commentators, like Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, are ghost writers, only they don't know it. They are the voice expressing the incoherent rages of the worried bourgeoisie, and they know their breakfast tables very well indeed, just as much so as the *Daily Worker*, the voice of Moscow, knows its lunch counters. Workers for the *Herald-Tribune* and for the *Daily Worker* must surely get ideas of their own occasionally, which they promptly throw into the waste basket, but most often they don't even write them, for the definition of a good newspaper man is: a man who knows what not to write. Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson will be very annoyed at this statement, for both of them, no doubt, fancy they write as they please, just as Walter Duranty used to fancy, before the Moscow trials made it obvious that he wrote for his bread and butter. Once a man has taken an irrevocable position, such as anti-New Deal, pro-Stalin, pro-New Deal,

anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, he finds it next to impossible to write completely as he pleases any longer.

In addition to the newspaper ghosts there are the corporation ghosts, who usually term themselves public relations counsels. Ivy Lee was a ghost de luxe. He made the late John D. Rockefeller appear like a comic-strip Johnnie, who gave away dimes genially when he wasn't giving away millions constructively. From the most unpopular man in the world, Rockefeller became, under the baton of Ivy Lee and his associates, a figure the public almost respected, but not quite.

There are thousands of lesser Ivy Lees. Almost every large corporation and many smaller ones have them. There is nothing inherently illegitimate in their activities. They are hired to speak for incoherent men and impersonal organizations, and they are well paid for it. It is only when the ghost takes the attitude of Stephen Decatur that he becomes a prostitute. My company, right or wrong, is a hampering slogan.

Last, but not least, among the fraternity of ghosts comes the humble press agent. He writes interviews with motion picture stars and political candidates, which appear under their names instead of his. He gets drunk with the newspaper boys and gets a story placed where it is needed. He, too, has a legitimate function. No motion picture studio, musical show or other industrial enterprise can function without someone to gather in-

formation and supply the specific wants of inquiring reporters. The press agent simplifies matters enormously for both organization and publication, and sometimes the public. But he usually fancies that part of his job is to get unpaid advertising into the news columns, and when the editors are not wide awake, he often succeeds. The most effective way to do it, of course, is so that the reader doesn't notice it. Once a large magazine published a short story which was credited with making large numbers of the lower middle classes "dinner coat conscious," and the story was said to have been subsidized by manufacturers of that article of clothing. But selling people dinner coats or minimum wages or ocean travel is not like selling them poison gases or battleships or dictatorships.

The nations with the worst press appeal in the world today are Germany, Japan, Italy and Russia. And General Franco's press appeal isn't so very powerful either. Good ghost work requires flexible minds, and authoritarian and totalitarian states are notoriously inflexible and are run by hopelessly irritable people. Stalin doesn't like to posture and growl in public as much as Mussolini and Hitler, but both Stalin and the Japanese like to shoot when they're mad. Honey does it—in ghost work. The British always made the best propagandists during the War, because they never lost their good-natured poise, while the Germans made the worst, because

they always lost their temper. Even in their own countries it seems doubtful whether Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Franco and the Japanese would be able to convince many people without benefit of the army. Nobody knows what's said when the shades are pulled down at night in Berlin, Rome, Moscow and Tokyo. It's a bad ghost who needs an army. Can the explanation possibly be that even good ghosts cannot sell death and oppression?

The silliest and easiest thing to produce and get printed in the way of ghostwriting is moving picture stuff, because most movies are so utterly insignificant and concerned with that product which practically sells itself, Love. I once worked in a motion picture studio where the publicity director made Alma Rubens a direct descendant of Peter Paul Rubens, the painter, and about three hundred newspapers printed the item. When I asked Miss Rubens whether she was, she smiled dumbly and said: "I won't say I'm not." A friend of mine was the ghost for Sam Goldwyn soon after he was transformed from Goldfish. He wrote *Goldwyn's Own Story*, which appeared every month in a large women's magazine. On one occasion my friend was ill, and a future installment was due in a few days. One of his staff wrote that installment. After it appeared, Mr. Goldwyn called in my friend, his ghost, and he was a bit peeved. "That," he said, "was not up to my usual standard."

—M. R. WERNER

# AS QUOTED

YOU'VE HEARD THESE QUOTATIONS OFTEN, BUT  
CAN YOU REMEMBER WHO SAID THEM FIRST?



HERE are fifty familiar excerpts culled from poetry, proverbs and prose. Each selection is followed by the names of two suggested writers. Can you choose the actual writer of every quotation? Count 2 for each correct answer. A score of 60 is fair, 76 is good and 90 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 116.

1. *Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.*  
(a) Richard Lovelace  
(b) Joseph Addison
2. *The best laid plans of mice and men  
gang aft a-gley;  
An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain  
For promised joy.*  
(a) Thomas Moore (b) Robert Burns
3. *A thing of beauty is a joy forever.*  
(a) Samuel Woodworth  
(b) John Keats
4. *Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.*  
(a) Washington Irving  
(b) Benjamin Franklin
5. *Brevity is the soul of wit.*  
(a) William Shakespeare  
(b) Samuel Taylor Coleridge
6. *Every dog must have his day.*  
(a) Jonathan Swift  
(b) Thomas Parnell
7. *If winter comes, can spring be far behind?*  
(a) John Keats  
(b) Percy Bysshe Shelley
8. *Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.*  
(a) William Cowper  
(b) Thomas Hobbes
9. *Full many a flower is born to blush  
unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.*  
(a) Thomas Babington Macaulay  
(b) Thomas Gray
10. *You cannot make, my Lord, I fear,  
A velvet purse of a sow's ear.*  
(a) Fitz-Green Halleck  
(b) John Wolcot (Peter Pindar)
11. *Birds of a feather will gather together.*  
(a) Robert Burton (b) John Bunyan

12. *Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.*  
(a) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
(b) Alfred Tennyson
13. *To err is human: to forgive, divine.*  
(a) Alexander Pope  
(b) Sir John Suckling
14. *Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.*  
(a) Isaac Watts  
(b) William Shakespeare
15. *Love is blind.*  
(a) Geoffrey Chaucer  
(b) Edmund Spenser
16. *Let the world slide, let the world go;  
A fig for a care, and a fig for a woe!  
If I can't pay, why I can owe,  
And death makes equal the high and  
the low.*  
(a) John Heywood (b) Robert Burns
17. *Reading maketh a full man, conference  
a ready man, and writing an exact man.*  
(a) Francis Bacon (b) David Garrick
18. *Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
yet they grind exceeding small.*  
(a) Francis Rabelais  
(b) Friedrich von Logau
19. *Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.*  
(a) William Wordsworth  
(b) William Cullen Bryant
20. *Music hath charms to soothe the savage  
breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.*  
(a) Edward Young  
(b) William Congreve
21. *None but the brave deserve the fair.*  
(a) John Dryden (b) John Dyer
22. *Large streams from little fountains flow,  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.*  
(a) David Everett  
(b) Thomas Otway
23. *Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-  
bandry.*  
(a) William Shakespeare  
(b) Christopher Marlowe
24. *The ripest peach is highest on the tree.*  
(a) James Aldrich  
(b) James Whitcomb Riley
25. *Handsome is that handsome does.*  
(a) Thomas Hood  
(b) Oliver Goldsmith
26. *Keep a good tongue in your head.*  
(a) Ben Jonson  
(b) William Shakespeare
27. *Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.*  
(a) Thomas Gray (b) John Gay
28. *'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.*  
(a) Thomas Paine  
(b) Alfred Tennyson
29. *A little learning is a dangerous thing.  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian  
spring.*  
(a) Alexander Pope  
(b) James Beattie
30. *Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.*  
(a) Laurence Sterne  
(b) Robert Herrick
31. *No man can lose what he never had.*  
(a) Izaak Walton (b) Francis Quarles

32. *Procrastination is the thief of time.*

(a) Edward Young

(b) Joseph Hopkinson

33. *O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us!*

(a) Robert Burns (b) Tobias Smollett

34. *They also serve who only stand and wait.*

(a) William Cowper (b) John Milton

35. *And look before you ere you leap;  
For as you sow, y'are like to reap.*

(a) Samuel Butler (b) Robert Herrick

36. *God helps them that helps themselves.*

(a) Joseph Rodman Drake

(b) Benjamin Franklin

37. *By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.*

(a) John Dickinson

(b) Francis Beaumont

38. *Consistency is the bugbear that frightens  
little minds.*

(a) Horace Greeley

(b) Ralph Waldo Emerson

39. *All that glitters is not gold.*

(a) William Shakespeare

(b) Sir Henry Wotton

40. *Westward the course of empire takes  
its way.*

(a) George Berkeley

(b) Matthew Prior

41. *Words are women, deeds are men.*

(a) George Herbert

(b) Richard B. Sheridan

42. *I had rather have a fool to make me  
merry, than experience to make me sad.*

(a) Sir Philip Sidney

(b) William Shakespeare

43. *Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.*

(a) Thomas Otway

(b) Alexander Pope

44. *Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis  
something, nothing;*

*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been  
slave to thousands;*

*But he who filches from me my good  
name*

*Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.*

(a) William Shakespeare

(b) Richard Grafton

45. *Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.*

(a) Francis Quarles

(b) Oliver Goldsmith

46. *Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored  
mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the  
wind.*

(a) James Russell Lowell

(b) Alexander Pope

47. *We always love those who admire us,  
and we do not always love those whom  
we admire.*

(a) Francis Rabelais

(b) Francois La Rochefoucauld

48. *So much to do; so little done.*

(a) John Bunyan (b) Cecil Rhodes

49. *Virtue is her own reward.*

(a) Matthew Prior (b) Thomas Moore

50. *And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be  
in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.*

(a) William Shakespeare

(b) James Russell Lowell

—A. I. GREEN



DRAWING BY HELEN KIRBY

*"I miss my master terribly,  
Although he drank and stole;  
He was so very fond of me,  
I swear he had a soul."*

## A FRIEND IN NEED

HOW TO CARVE ROAST PIG OR EMBELLISH A  
GROTTO—MACKENZIE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS



IF ALL the other books of science in the world were destroyed, this single volume would be found to embody the results of the useful experience, observations, and discoveries of mankind during the past ages of the world."

So reads the preface to Mackenzie's *Ten Thousand Receipts*. Modestly enough, too, for "here is plainly taught and succinctly preserved whatever men do or desire to do with the materials with which nature has supplied them and with the powers which they possess; whether it regard complicated manufactures, means of curing diseases, simple processes of various kinds, or the economy, happiness, and preservation of life."

Here is "How to make the Purple Enamel used in the Mosaic Pictures of St. Peter's in Rome"—a simple matter of stirring sulphur, saltpeter, vitriol, antimony, oxide of tin and lead, rose copper, crocus martis, gold, silver, mercury, zaffree, and Mackenzie in the same mixing bowl.

Here, side by side, are "How to Carve Roast Pig" and "How to Amputate a Leg"—and the impartial

author obviously used the same source material for both.

Conveniently located only two pages away from "A Strong Liquor for Gatherings" is "How to Treat Ulcers of the Stomach." Mackenzie is a realist.

Indeed, with Mackenzie open before him, a man can start from scratch and live life as it was in 1850—full of strange crises and their resolutions.

Beset by bees, he need only "smoke tobacco and hold an empty hive over his head. They will enter it." If the household supply of spare beehives has run out, or a dim-witted bee chances to fly into the wrong opening, "a bee swallowed may be killed before it can do harm by taking a teaspoonfull of common salt dissolved in water."

Plaguy wood pigeons are just as easily foiled. "As good a way as any to catch them is to punch two or three holes in horse beans with an iron bodkin and then boil them in some common gin; feed them to the pigeons and many will be so drunk they cannot fly up; others will perch on the adjacent trees; watch them and you

will see them come tumbling down."

Anbody with a strong stomach and Mackenzie never needs a doctor. If someone in your home dislocates a shoulder (a common household accident), "Lay the patient on the ground, place your heel in his armpit and steadily and forcibly extend the arm by grasping it at the wrist."

A dislocated thigh, picked up when grandpa sneaked down-cellar to sample that home brew, may be your next problem. If you "are foiled in your efforts to make the bone slip into the socket with a loud noise, make the patient very sick or drunk, and when he cannot stand" go to work on him with pulleys. "If this fails or is objected to, bleed him until he faints and then try again." If this is objected to, the hell with him, the lousy ingrate.

Mackenzie salves the mind as well as heals the body. Are you restless on the long winter evenings when the snowdrifts pile against the door? Then try making "Pharaoh's Serpent Eggs." "These are little cones of sulpho-cyanide of mercury which when lighted give forth a long serpent-like yellowish-brown body." Only five or six hours of advanced chemistry over the kitchen sink are needed to make Pharaoh's Serpent Eggs. And, "When lighted, the result is certainly most remarkable; the fiery vapors, winding and twisting in the strangest fashion, render them objects of curiosity and astonishment to all who witness their performance." Incidentally, it might be wise not to let the fiery vapors wind

and twist in your direction; a few whiffs of sulpho-cyanide of mercury and you'll be an object of curiosity and astonishment yourself—to the undertaker.

The chances are, your nerves will be a bit jangled after a day of "Making Artificial Red Coral Branches for the Embellishment of Grottoes." Or you may have hit a few snags "Framing a Polygraph or Instrument for Writing Two Letters at Once." Mackenzie has just the thing for you, a soothing "Aeolian Harp." Take "a box of thin soft wood, 6 inches deep, 8 inches wide, and of a length just equal to the window on which it is placed. Glue bridges on each end, make a sound hole in the middle of the top and string the box with small catgut, fastening the ends to pins stuck in each end of the box. Place the box in the window, and it will produce an exceeding sweet melody of notes which vary with the force of the wind." In fact, place boxes in all your windows, and when the next storm comes along you and your choir of Aeolian Harps can all scream yourselves to sleep.

But even Mackenzie can disappoint. Some of his ten-thousand receipts lack the epic perfection of the Aeolian Harp and its song in the night. His cure for "Sore Legs of Poor People" is all right in its way, but nowhere does Mackenzie hold out the hand of pity to rich men with sore legs. For all he cares, let 'em die a horrible death, surrounded by anx-

ious lackeys and with check book in hand, perhaps, but with their legs sore to the last.

Mackenzie really tries his best "For the Drowning Man," but it is a shabby best, a landlubber's phantasy which must have left salty curses bubbling in the mouth of many a subscriber going down for the third time. "If a person should fall out of a boat or should he fall off the quays, had he presence of mind enough to whip off his hat and hold it by the brim, placing his fingers within side of the crown (top upwards) he would be able by this method to keep his mouth above water until assistance should arrive." If he's got so much presence of mind, what's he doing falling out of boats or off of quays, anyway?

Mackenzie is an expert on raising the hopes, then dashing them. The poor reader finds the title—"To Remedy the Effects of Dram Drinking"—and his heart leaps. "Whoever makes the attempt to abandon dram drinking, will find from time to time a rankling in the stomach with a sensation of sinking coldness and inexpressible anxiety." True, true. But Mackenzie toys with your emotions, then plays the cad. For your rankling stomach you can "boil an infusion of cloves in water for six hours, drink often."

Mackenzie fails again in devising "A Substitute for Cream." Coming from the author of "Making Coffee for Thirty People," this is pretty small stuff: "Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin and then pour boiling

tea over it gradually to prevent its curdling. It is difficult from the taste to distinguish the composition from rich cream." Oh, he thinks so, does he? Just wait till he tries putting it in the coffee he serves to the thirty people!

But a great man stands or falls by his strength. Let him who would criticize Mackenzie first down the steaming result of Mackenzie's swash-buckling receipt for "Charitable Soup": "Take the liquor of meat boiled the day before, with the bones of leg and shin of beef; add to the liquor as much as will make 130 quarts, also the meat of 140 pounds of leg and shin of beef, also 2 Ox-heads, all cut in pieces; add two bunches of carrots, 4 bunches of turnips, 2 bunches of leeks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  peck of onions, 1 bunch of celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pound of pepper and some salt. Boil it for six hours. This soup may be used at any gentleman's table." Yes . . . if the gentleman's table can hold it.

But, finally, Mackenzie makes his bid for immortality. Huddled thinly under "Cosmetics" is the one nig-gardly hint Mackenzie allows the ladies for the enticement of Man, a line or two of washbowl philosophy to meet the social demands of a lifetime; "To set off the complexion with all the advantage it can attain, nothing more is requisite than to wash the face with pure water, or if anything farther be occasionally necessary, it is only the addition of a little soap."

—FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

## STARS ARE BORN

TOASTING FOUR NEW STARS OF LAST  
SEASON'S RICH THEATRICAL BANQUET



THERE is no such thing as a new star every season on Broadway. You see the seasons come and go before you see some young thing—fresh from a prairie town or a dramatic school—step gently onto a stage and shoot off sparks of what is usually entitled *The Divine Flame*.

Last season, however, was a season of miracles. This particular type of miracle happened at least seven times. It happened to four young things—Martha Scott, Uta Hagen, Julie Haydon, Vera Zorina. It happened to three young men—Broderick Crawford, Hiram Sherman, and seven-year-old Peter Holden. Four of these favored seven appear here.

Martha Scott came out of Kansas City. She followed the theatrical road eastward until she came to the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts. That was her stepping stone to Broadway, where Jed Harris hired her to play Emily in *Our Town*. As the papers said, "Miss Scott was Emily to the life." The tributes could go no higher.

Uta Hagen boasts pre-Broadway experience consisting almost entirely of playing Ophelia the time Eva Le

Gallienne played *Hamlet* in summer stock. Alfred and Lynn Lunt discovered her then. When they unveiled her in Chekov's *The Sea Gull*, there were hosannahs from press and public.

Julie Haydon had reached heights before this season. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur chose her for the cast-off poetess in *The Scoundrel*, opposite Noel Coward, and there the public got its first good look at her calm, blonde, quite ethereal qualities. George Jean Nathan was the one responsible for getting her into *Shadow and Substance*, and if a frail young thing playing a maiden of spiritual visions can be said to tear a house down, then Miss Haydon did just that.

Broderick Crawford is the six-foot, twenty-seven-year-old son of comedienne Helen Broderick. He had been around. But *Of Mice and Men* really gave him the chance to show the stuff of which second generation actors are made. The night they broadcast a tiny slice of the play the regions beyond Broadway could realize how poignantly Crawford fulfilled all the intentions John Steinbeck must have had in mind. —SIDNEY CARROLL



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT KEHL

MARTHA SCOTT. The role of Emily in *Our Town* is her first on Broadway. If she ever feels like it, she can use the degree she got from the University of Michigan and start teaching school. Chances are she never will because she brought to Thornton Wilder's play the freshness, the excited kind of exaltation that will give her carte blanche on Broadway from this point on. If she feels like it, she can play Ophelia to Maurice Evan's *Hamlet* this season. She is 22 years old.

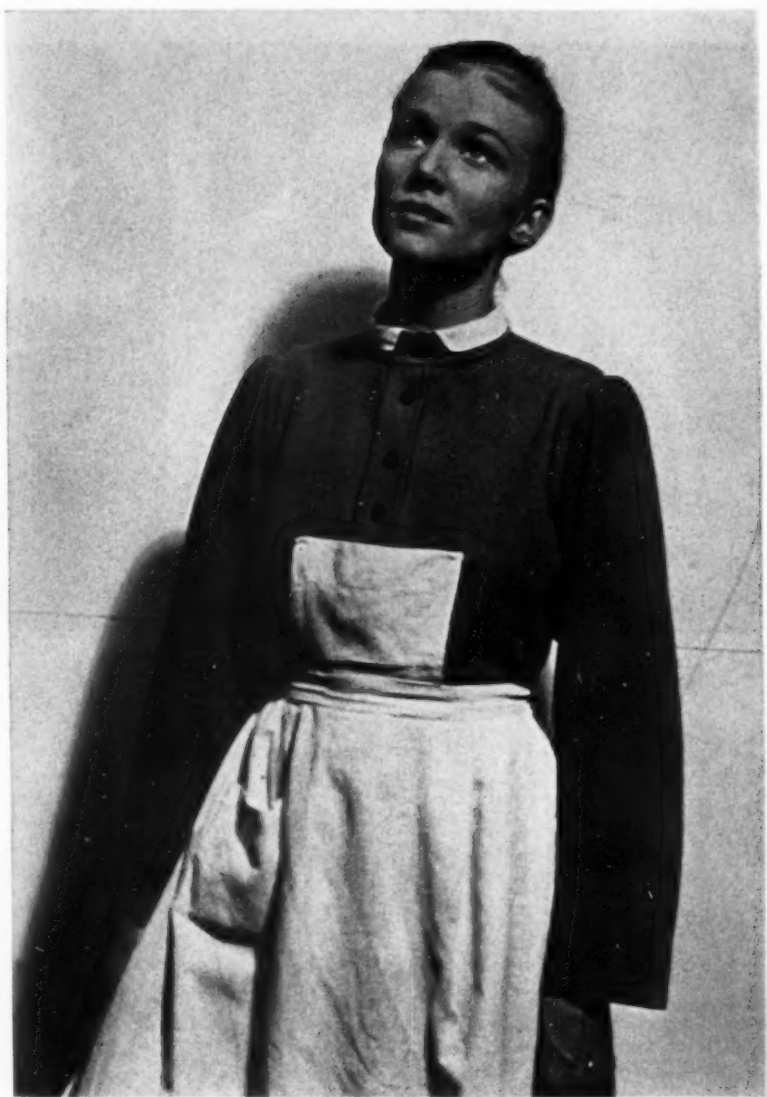


**JULIE HAYDON**

*Opposite page.* She could have been a glamor girl in a Hollywood hothouse, but she left the movies to play the servant girl possessed of visions in *Shadow and Substance*. She plays it still, with the unearthly touch that is the essence of a role they said no actress in America could play.

**UTA HAGEN**

*Left.* When the Lunts presented *The Sea Gull* to Broadway, the all-important role of Nina was entrusted to a slim, dark, magnificently mannered young unknown. Her name, as the delighted critics soon made plain, and as will be noted again and again as time goes on, is Uta Hagen.



SEPTEMBER, 1938



**BRODERICK CRAWFORD.** He had played on Broadway before he made a few pictures in Hollywood. It was when he was coming back to Broadway that he heard about John Steinbeck's new play, *Of Mice and Men*. He went back to the coast to see George S. Kaufman, who was going to direct. He got the job. He also got a lion's share of the praise for what he did with the part of Lennie, the demented, over-affectionate giant whose clumsy hands wove the whole pattern of the tragedy.

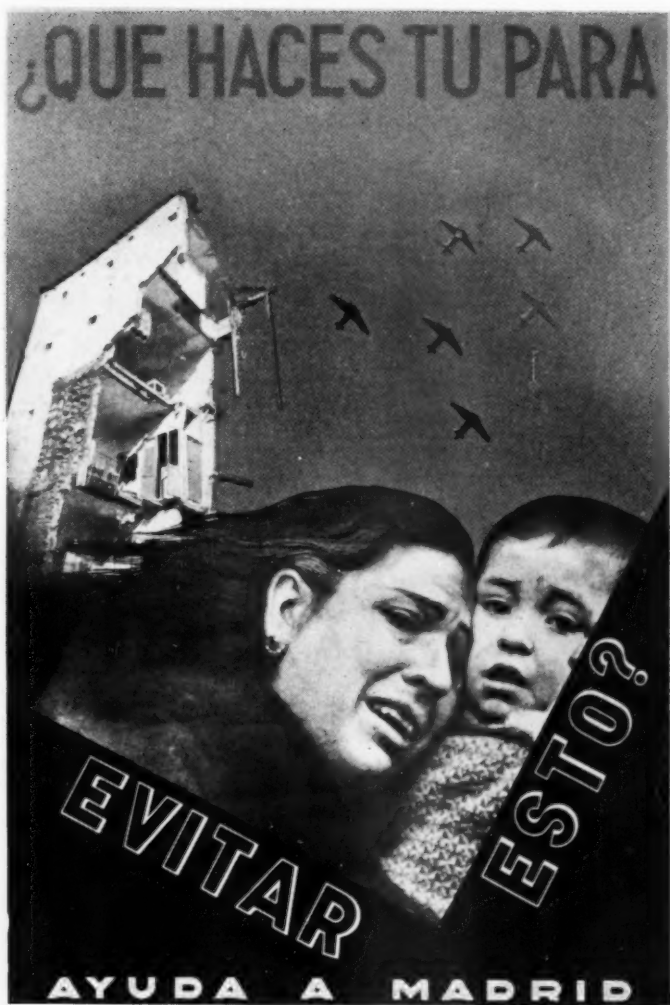


## MUJERES TRABAJAD POR LOS COMPAÑEROS QUE LUCHAN

### THE ART OF WAR

An interesting by-product of the conflict in Spain, these posters illustrate the manner in which an agrarian nation, little acquainted with the uses of advertising, was able to seize upon modern display's flashiest medium to convey a quick message to the masses. But at the same time Loyalist Spain borrowed from advertising, it lent something—the photomontage type of poster seen on pages 52 and 56. The above poster proclaims: “Women, Work for the Comrades Who Are Fighting.”

SEPTEMBER, 1938



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
TO PREVENT THIS? HELP MADRID"

CORONET



"DON'T SEND YOUR PRODUCE TO FREE MARKETS—  
SELL IT THROUGH THE AGRICULTURAL SYNDICATES"

SEPTEMBER, 1938



"SILENCE! THE SPY IS LISTENING"

CORONET



"DISCIPLINE—WORK"

SEPTEMBER, 1938



AIXAFEM EL FEIXISME

Elaborat per la Comissió de Propaganda de la Generalitat de Catalunya.

1938

"STAMP OUT FASCISM!"

CORONET

# JOURNEY TO VRANYA

THAT SPRINGTIME WHEN THE PEASANTS  
DANCED, SOMEHOW IT WAS DIFFERENT



WHEN I was growing up, it was considered exceedingly bad taste for young intellectuals to enjoy dancing. Ability to dance was tolerated, but it created an unfavorable impression in the upper-classmen's clubs and the gatherings of budding geniuses. Consequently we danced badly, although we easily learned to dance. But such dances as those were! As one performed the prescribed steps of the waltz, turning in stiff spirals, half dizzy, half bored, one wondered how human beings had come to dance anyway. The polka demanded a ridiculous hopping about. The rhinelanders had something of the contemptible complacency of Joseph Lauff's narrative art. To know how to do the tyrolienne was compromising, inasmuch as its performance involved surrendering one's sense of manly dignity. My memory of the quadrille is of a sort of pedal algebra—the very climax of the social stupidity which characterized the methods of child-training then in vogue. Dancing, it seemed to us, was an infamous, a cruelly humiliating device invented by our elders—whose au-

thority we absolutely refused to recognize—for breaking in and enslaving young people.

To what human function did these cavortings correspond? The erotic function perhaps? But there was a deeper eroticism, more sublime and more formal, in an evening walk with a fair companion than in this apish capering. But only as one tramped placidly up and down in the polonaise—inevitably to music by Chopin—was one reminded of such pleasant events as promenades under the birches, along a meadow that had not yet become a builder's site, with its pond not yet befouled by the smelting works. I was almost thirty years old before the dancing of human beings became intelligible to me.

It was in Vranja, in the middle of the War. In the little town that lay where the mountains sloped down to the plain there were still men. We had come to Serbia by way of Semendria in order to build roads. Vranja was the first place where we were quartered for any length of time. The town lies on the level of Florence.

In February the spring went mighty

ily through the fields and left behind a crop of primroses and violets. The days grew longer, and so at last we had an opportunity to become acquainted with the town. For almost a month we had gone out before sunup—that is, in the dark—and had returned to our quarters only after sundown—again in the dark. During the months of our slow march across Serbia we had learned to respect highly the inhabitants of this unhappy country. And they were not ill-disposed toward us. "*Germanski dobre*," they would say when we came to the markets to make our little purchases of tobacco or cheese, or perhaps some small trinket.

At the southern end of the town we encountered a crowd—women, soldiers of all ages, old men, and children. A faint humming, rhythmic vibration, light clapping of hands. We sucked at our pipes—the golden tobacco of Macedonia smelled sweet in our nostrils—and inquisitively pushed our way to the front row. The crowd readily made way for us.

Men, young and middle-aged, had formed a kind of circle. They were dancing. The circle undulated with slight, quick, precise movements, and simultaneously the chain made a step to the right, then to the left, without disturbing the inner rhythm of the individual dancers. The intensity, the inner strain and release expressed by this dance, almost without melody, only this faint, monotonous humming and the light clapping of hands, late

on a spring evening under a green sky where the moon was hanging, under the rosy Serbian plum blossoms, in wartime—to my surprise I became aware that the dance's rhythm was infecting me. I glanced around—it was infecting all of us. There was a quivering in our knee joints, our feet in their heavy boots began to rise and fall, the liltingly murmured melody began to set us in motion, up and down, to the right, to the left, lightly.

It was the first time in my life that I recognized a dance as such, understood it, was infected by it. It was not as exaggerated as the *krakowiak*, which I had seen performed at Polish-Jewish weddings. Hence it had no solo character; it was essentially a communal dance.

These Serbians were dancing in the spring and peace. The immemorial magic element in the dance transformed their bearded peasant faces, brought their souls to light. Later on, in the dances that came from America—shimmy, fox-trot, blues—I recognized again this intensity, this manifoldness in monotony.

It is good at last to meet someone who makes you understand why man dances—not through words, but through intuition, as an artist ought to do. Even if, to reach this understanding, one must journey to Vrania, a little town on the level of Florence, where the mountains slope down toward the plain, in the season of plum blossoms, in wartime.

—ARNOLD ZWEIG



F. BERKÓ

BOMBAY

## EBB TIDE

SEPTEMBER, 1938



DR. N. GIDAL

JERUSALEM

## CONFABULATION

CORONET

60



DR. N. GIDAL

JERUSALEM

## CONSULTATION

SEPTEMBER, 1938

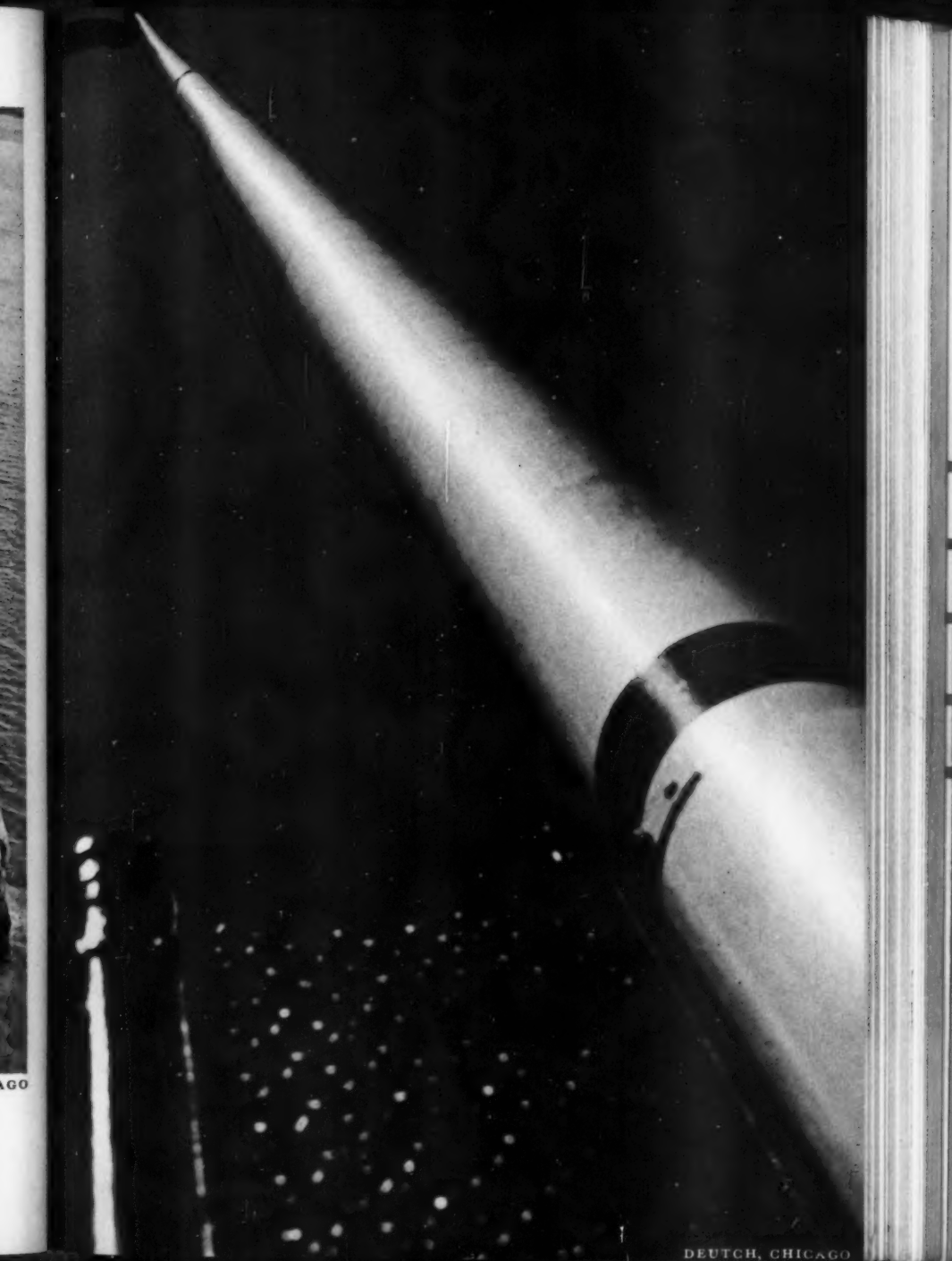


STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

## DRYDOCK

CORONET



AGO

DEUTCH, CHICAGO



ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

NEW YORK

CREEPING LIKE SNAIL

CORONET



A. H. BUCHMAN

FROM TRIANGLE

## BOMB BAIT

SEPTEMBER, 1938



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

PATTY-CAKE

CORONET



FRIEDA M. JACOBI

NEW YORK

# OPTIMISTS

SEPTEMBER, 1938



B. FRANZIOLI

MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND

# SHIPFAST

CORONET

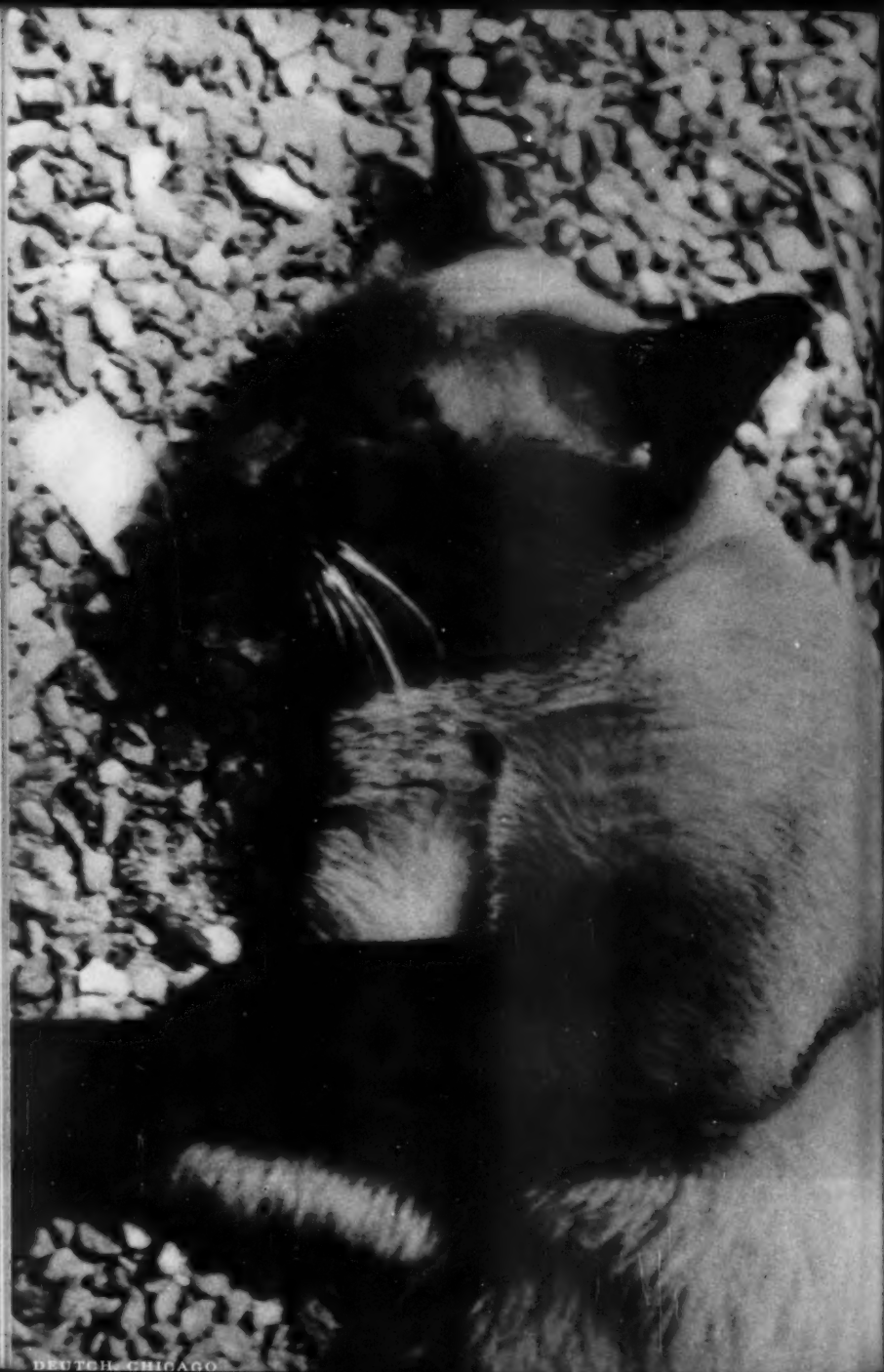


PIERRE JAHAN

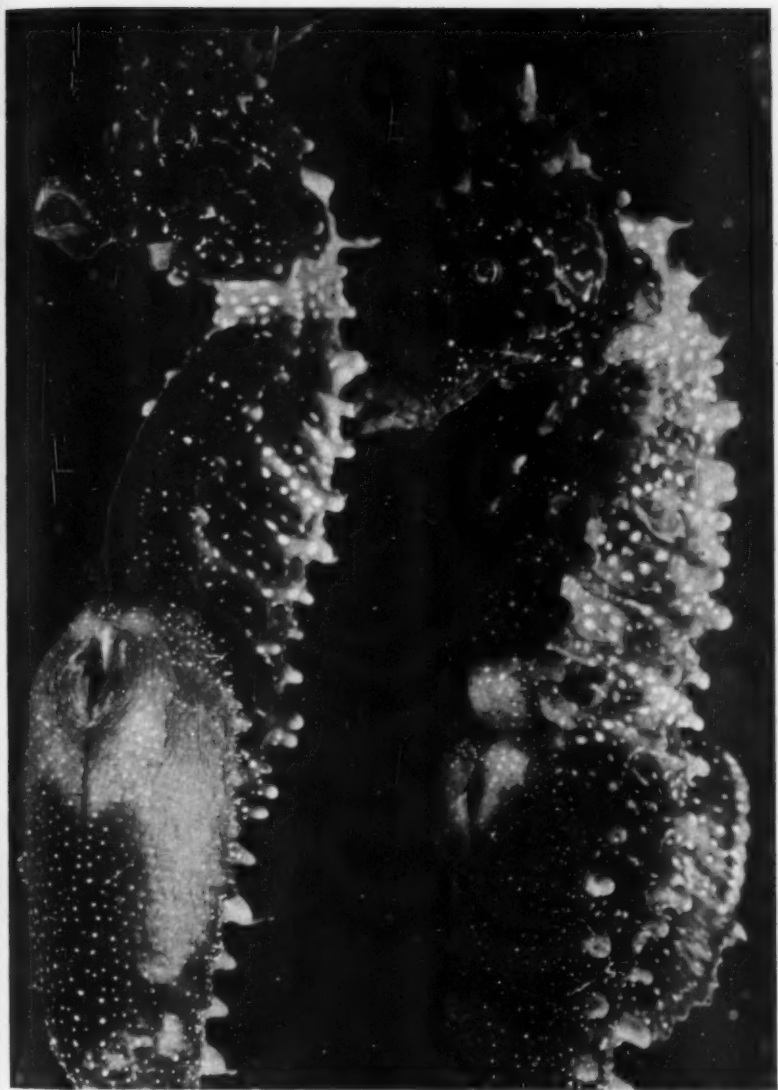
PARIS

# BREAKER

SEPTEMBER, 1938



DEUTER CHICAGO

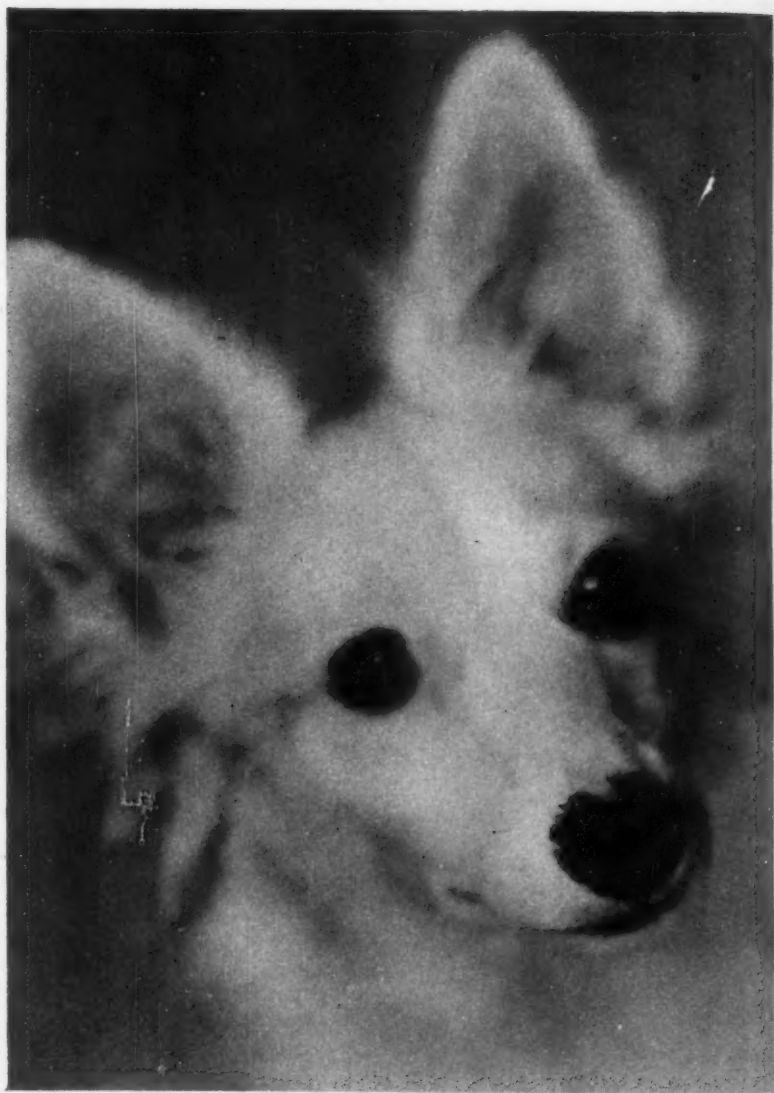


JEAN PAINLEVÉ

PARIS

# STABLEMATES

SEPTEMBER, 1938



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

SENTIENT

CORONET



WILLIAM DE YOUNG KAY

NEW YORK

LUNCH HOUR

SEPTEMBER, 1938



OTHMAR TATZEL

MAHR-OSTRAU, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

## TIMBER LINE

CORONET



NORA DUMAS

PARIS

# HARVESTER

SEPTEMBER, 1938



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

# MEXICAN HAIRCUT

CORONET



RENÉ ZUBER

FROM BLACK STAR

AFRICAN SHAVE

SEPTEMBER, 1938

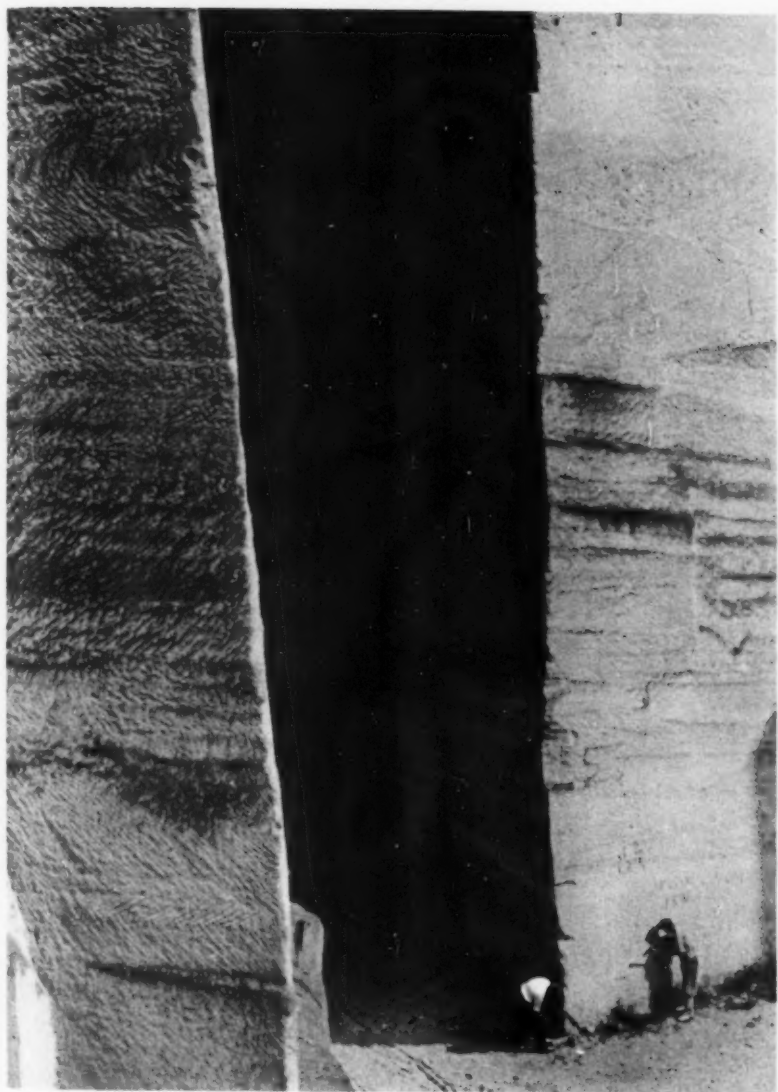


MIRIAR DUNN

CHICAGO

MARKING TIME

CORONET



ERNÖ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

## BEDROCK

SEPTEMBER, 1938



ERNST RATHENAU

NEW YORK

SIGHT-SEER

CORONET



ILSE MAYER

NEW YORK

# GRUB

SEPTEMBER, 1938



ERNÖ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

MARTINET

CORONET

82



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

CHILDREN'S HOUR

SEPTEMBER, 1938



BLUMENFELD, PARIS



BLUMENFELD, PARIS



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

MORNING

CORONET



ROBERT BRANSTEAD

OAKLAND, CALIF.

DEVIL'S CANDELABRUM

SEPTEMBER, 1938



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

MASQUE

CORONET

88



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

BEMUSED

SEPTEMBER, 1938

## ABOUT MUIRHEAD BONE

COLD AND RESTRAINED. HE STILL RANKS  
AMONG THE WORLD'S PRE-EMINENT ETCHERS



MUIRHEAD BONE ranks as one of the greatest living etchers. In the opinion of many print connoisseurs he need not fear competition with the dead. He excels particularly in that department of print-making known as the drypoint, which differs from the etching in that the plate is incised with a metal point instead of being bitten by the application of an acid bath. (Incidentally, the French name for the etching, literally translated, is strong water.) Unless steel-faced, the drypoint plate has a shorter life, as a rule, than the etching, yielding fewer impressions, each of them therefore the more valuable in the case of a favored plate. As drypoint artist Muirhead Bone has been seriously ranked with Rembrandt and in those galleries and auction rooms where only big money talks, impressions from favorite Bone plates bring hundreds of dollars and, in some cases, close to a thousand and more.

High prices are not the only proof of excellence but they do indicate the opinion of the knowing and the expert, which is not always to be dismissed. With those other print-

makers, McBey and Cameron, Bone forms a triumvirate of Scotch graphic artists whose prints are prized and fought for by print cabinets and private collectors all over the collecting world. Because of his pre-eminence in the world of graphic art, as well as for the excellence of his work and his contribution to the Allied cause during the World War, Mr. Bone was recently knighted by the English government, so that it is proper to refer to him as Sir Muirhead.

Bone is the artist of places rather than of humanity, and of architecture rather than of landscape. His range of work shows his preoccupation with edifices, principally in Glasgow, the city of his nativity, and London, his second home, and incidentally throughout Italy, Rome and Venice principally. Bone learned his trade and perfected his skill at a time when eight out of ten etchers set out to capture cathedrals and other buildings of similar historic association.

Meryon, who made the stones of Paris eloquent, and Whistler, who bathed the London wharfside in his extremely personal atmosphere, were

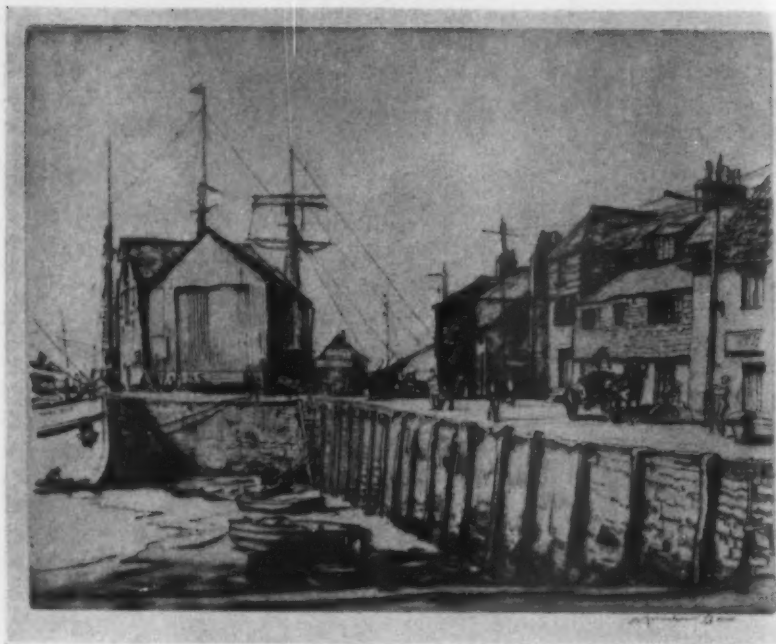


DRY POINTS COURTESY GUY MAYER GALLERY, NEW YORK

### RAILWAY SHEDS, MARSEILLES

supposed to have been his chief early influences. But his most typical work is marked with a precision, delicate but still precise, which inclines to inform rather than suggest. It is Scotch clarity rather than Scotch mist that one finds in the work of Muirhead Bone. Even in his occasional color drawings one is impressed with the artist's resources of technical restraint; one admits the masterly delicacy of line but regrets the absence of emotional expression. The scene is stated

with a kind of cold beauty but rather too impersonally and remotely to suit at least this beholder. Bone's portrait dry points, although distinguished, have a rather cold and formal beauty. He introduces humanity into his settings only incidentally. So far as my recollection can be trusted there is only one plate designed by Bone in which humanity almost rises above its subordination to architecture. That is the one of the Easter Sunday procession in Seville, which is full of



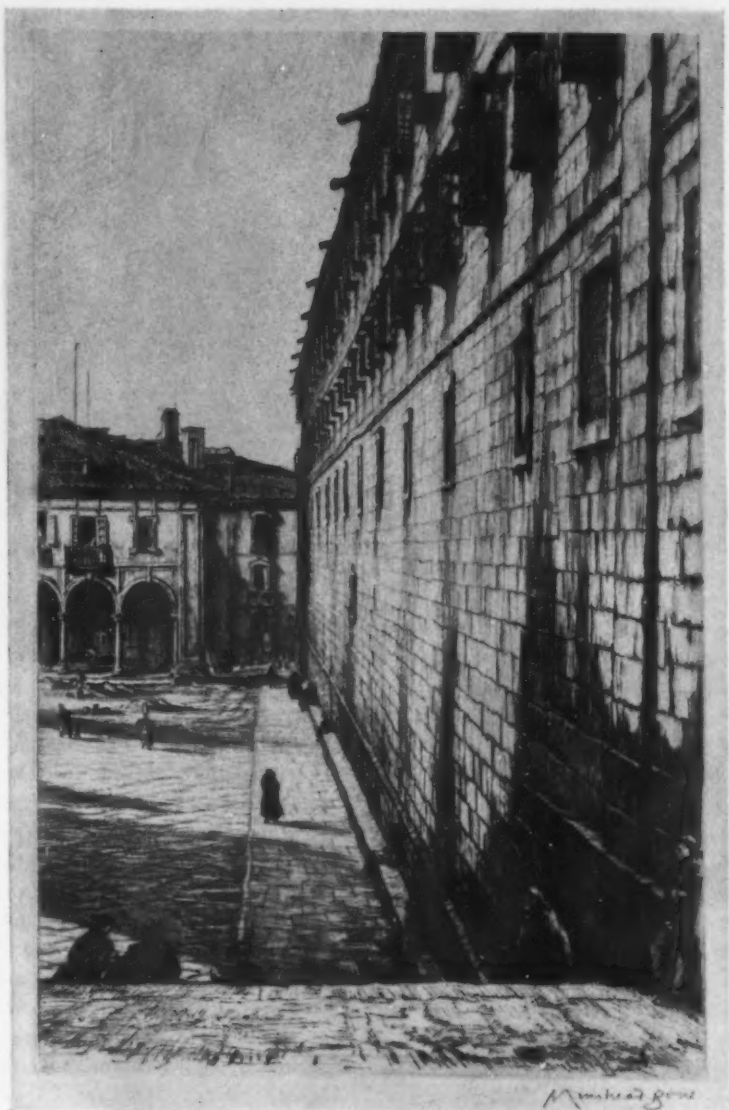
THE MYSTERY SHIP, PADSTOW

dramatic movement and suggests the artist's potentialities in a direction perhaps not fully exploited.

Muirhead Bone's concern with the problems and the challenges of architecture is only natural for he was brought up to be an architect. He was born sixty-two years ago, on March 23, 1876, at Partick, a suburb of Glasgow. He was one of eight children. The father, David Drummond Bone, was a journalist. One brother, James, followed in his father's footsteps, Muirhead illustrating his best-

known work, *The London Perambulator*. He also illustrated his wife's, Gertrude Bone, *Children's Children*.

In the evening classes of the Glasgow School of Art—one may assume that Muirhead had a job during the day—he studied first architecture and then, abandoning it, gave himself up to the study of art exclusively. He found pencil, charcoal and sepia congenial mediums until he discovered the etcher's tools. He explored Glasgow thoroughly and in 1899 issued a Portfolio containing etchings of that



CONVENT OF SAN PAYO, SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

SEPTEMBER, 1938



### SHRIMP BOATS, GREAT YARMOUTH

city. He had discovered the medium for himself, working at it without guidance or instruction; his earliest prints date from 1898. In 1901 he moved to London and two years later an exhibition at the Carfax Gallery established him as a coming print-maker. Perhaps his most famous early etching was *The Great Gantry*, published in 1906, a study of the Charing Cross railroad station after an accident to the roof and showing the network of scaffolding set up for reconstruction. This was probably the first of a series coveted by collectors and referred to by them as the "scaffolding Bones," mates to that other series of prints known as the "demolition Bones." Like the architect, this artist's

chief concern is with construction, destruction and reconstruction. Bone's particular triumphs in graphic art have been traced to the fact that he has approached architecture from the inside and that he knows the reality beneath the façade.

By 1907 he had accumulated a body of work impressive enough to justify his publishers in issuing a catalogue in a limited edition on fine rag paper, bound in cloth and vellum and including an etched self-portrait of the artist. This reveals a rather cold and deliberate, hard and unsmiling Scotsman. Up to the year in which *Etchings and Dry Points by Muirhead Bone* was published, 1909, the artist had not set foot outside of Great



### AUTUMN EVENING, LOWESTOFT

Britain, but in that year, at the age of thirty-three, he visited Lisbon and the Balearic Islands. In the following year he began the first of his extended foreign tours, spending almost two years, until 1912, in Italy, at first in the neighborhood of Florence. The lovely countryside of Tuscany, as Campbell Dodgson reports in *The Print Collector's Quarterly*, only made him homesick for dreary Glasgow and he spent most of his time in Italy working up into dry points and etchings, drawings that he had brought with him of the Glasgow slums. Eventually, however, Italy had its way with him, for he discovered Rome and Venice and Genoa, material which he

developed into final form upon returning home. His Venetian studies, especially of the canals, bridges and fish markets of that city, are particularly prized.

During the war his services were enlisted as journalist-artist and he was one of the first of the notable English draftsmen to cross the Channel in the service of his government. At the Western Front he made scores, if not hundreds, of drawings, the originals of which are now in the British Museum, the Admiralty and the Imperial War Museum. Speaking of museums, so far back as 1908, when Mr. Dodgson was compiling his official catalogue, he could report that



RAINY NIGHT IN ROME, 1914

CORONET

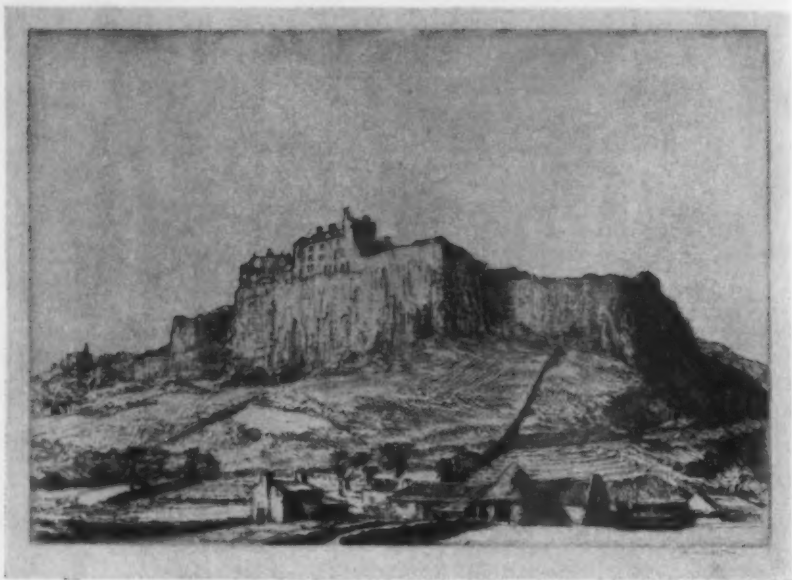


## STOCKHOLM

there were impressions from Bone's plates in public museums in Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Vienna and Budapest and, in Britain, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the British Museum (apart from the war drawings) and in the local museum of Birmingham. By this time it is safe to assume that even a museum in Scotland has bought a Bone print.

After the war the artist resumed his travels, the list of his plates serving to tell us in what parts of the earth's surface he discovered congenial sub-

ject matter. There are, among others, such prints as *The Alps From the Lido*, *Pistoia and the Plains of Tuscany*; *Porch of the Pantheon, Rome*; *Distant Fermo*; *The Montalban Tower, Amsterdam*; *Orvieto*; *A Tuscan-Farm*, and so on. Although the fact is not mentioned by his official chronicler, Muirhead Bone has always found in the life of seaports a magnet for his pencil and dry point. In Yarmouth, Falmouth, Stockholm, among other places, in Genoa and in Venice, not to mention the waterside of his natal Glasgow, he has



STERLING CASTLE, No. 2

proved himself a match for the life of ships and harbors. Operations concerned with shipbuilding and ship-breaking attract him no less than those that have to do with the building and demolition of houses. During the War his special interest in shipping found expression in a portfolio of drawings that he completed on the operations of the Grand Fleet.

But the great Bones are the architectural Bones. His vistas of countryside have a cold, disciplined grace and distinction that would do credit to many lesser graphic artists, but when the list of prized prints is boiled down it includes, beside *The Great*

*Gantry*, earlier mentioned, *Liberty's Clock*, called the greatest "scaffolding Bone," *The Shot Tower, Building*, and *Ayr Prison*. Of this last print, Mr. Dodgson writes: "The highest qualities of Bone's work at its best, in landscape and in architecture, are there combined. It is planned with an exquisite feeling for line and balance, and wrought with a masterly technique. I hardly think it rash to place *Ayr Prison* already among the classics of etching."

Already, it would appear, the name of Muirhead Bone has been engraved among the immortals of graphic art. —HARRY SALPETER



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

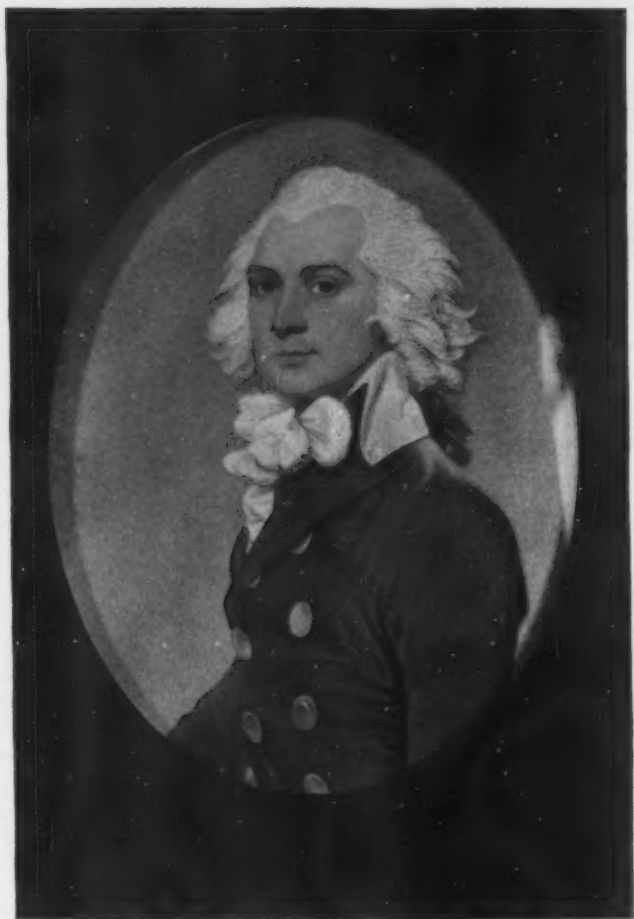
#### EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MINIATURES

No less a figure than Hans Holbein the younger started England off on its three centuries' addiction to miniature paintings, producing a surprising abundance of these exquisite little likenesses. Above is a portrait of Mrs. Bacon by Sir William Ross.



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL BY DIANA HILL

There were no hard and fast rules for miniature painters. Their medium could be water color or oil, applied with infinite detail on vellum, paper, ivory, chicken-skin, cardboard and even the backs of playing cards. Some lovely miniatures were done in enamel.



#### SELF-PORTRAIT OF RICHARD CROSSE

One of the foremost miniaturists of the flourishing 18th century English school, Richard Crosse (1742-1810) was noted for the dash and brilliancy of his technique. His name was coupled with those of Richard Cosway, the Plimers, John Smart, and Samuel Shelley.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

#### PORTRAIT OF MRS. FARRINGTON

Never a great art, the miniature lent itself more to prettiness than to depth, more to sentimentality than to honest characterization. Though it continued into the 19th century, it had outlived its main vogue with the passing of the 18th century masters.

## CAPTAINS' TIGERS

EVERY SHIP HAS ITS UNOFFICIAL SLEUTH  
WHO SEES ALL, HEARS ALL—AND TELLS ALL



A TIGER, although signed on a vessel's articles as a steward, is more to a captain than his personal servant. He is a buffer between the bridge and the crew. If worth his salt he soon becomes an intelligence-officer-at-large who must see all, hear all, and say nothing except to his master. Years of humble service, too, must have made him something of a philosopher and, being the only one on board allowed to intrude upon the "splendid isolation of the bridge," his ears must close upon business and personal confidences with the finality of the grave.

A captain may be a model of integrity, respected and served by efficient and courteous officers; he may be a lecherous old duck who waddles along the promenade deck on sea-displayed feet in search of conquests; or he may be an old soak loaded daily to his scuppers with a whiskey cargo; but he cannot be a successful shipmaster without a sympathetic tiger at his beck and call, one in whom he can confide and through whom he can feel the emotional pulse of his ship.

Passengers are often amazed at the knowledge a captain has of what takes

place on his vessel at all times. He is seen seldom, perhaps only at meal-times, yet the most minute incidents of the daily round have apparently come to his notice. If questioned he will laugh and declare that there is a magic mirror on the bridge in which he can see everything that occurs. He is not lying. That magic mirror is his tiger!

Taking a hasty smoke in the glory-hole among his fellow-stewards, or passing through the corridors and public rooms to perform his duties, the tiger's eyes are peeled, his ears flapping in the breeze. Nothing escapes him. Everything is perceived and passed through his analytical mind. While drawing the captain's bath he may remark: "A bit of a party again in 8 last night, sir . . . gambling, sir . . . heavy, sir. The old gent in 31 was taken through the hoops, sir. For eleven thousand, they say." Or, "There's a red-head in Suite D, sir. A trim craft, if I do say so, sir. She's got Lord Aguelegs in the rough, sir. His eyes are doing hand-springs over his whiskers, they say." Or again it may be, "Trouble-makers

among the crew this trip, sir. I hear they're heading to get drunk at Havana."

The captain will rise from his bunk with a snort of annoyance. It must not seem that he is interested in the gossip of his tiger. But, after breakfast, the purser will be summoned to the quarters on the bridge for a conference. Later the old gent in 31 will be cautioned against gambling for high stakes with strangers; Lord Aguelegs will be told confidentially about the whirlwind of scandal that clouded the homecoming of an internationally known figure; and the crew's leave and money will be stopped before Havana is reached. And no one will know the part played in each incident by the tiger, not even his master!

On my first trip to sea the captain's tiger was named Johnson. He was an old man with a long grey mustache and a back bent with years of servility, and he went about his duties fluttering and wringing his hands like an old woman with a load of woe.

When the captain went on a bender, which he frequently did for days at a time once his vessel had cleared the land, Old Johnson would do everything he could to hide his condition from the crew. At first he would explain that the captain was resting after his long vigil on the coast; but, as the period of the bender lengthened, he would come out from the captain's quarters with orders for the mate and the chief engineer which both knew he had made up himself

yet which neither could refuse to obey.

Nothing escaped his notice, as we learned before that voyage was over. One day the firemen, who were Chinese, mutinied. With meat-choppers and knives they cornered the captain on the boat-deck where he had gone to inspect some gear. For a second, murder seemed imminent. But, in that second, Old Johnson appeared as if from nowhere. He pushed his way meekly but fearlessly through the horde of frenzied Chinese. He took a revolver from under his apron and placed it in the captain's hand. The day was saved and Old Johnson was, suddenly, a hero. Which he resented with every fiber of his being.

I saw nothing of Old Johnson for years. Then, during the War, I joined the *Celtic Monarch* and there he was at his customary job. With the advent of guns and more intricate machinery, chief engineers were coming to the fore in power and prestige and this, the other officers told me, he resented. The chief engineer of the *Celtic Monarch* was a surly cuss, blown up with unseasoned authority. He treated Old Johnson like a dog, and he had the captain's ear so that Old Johnson could do nothing about it . . . except wait.

On a bitterly cold night the vessel was torpedoed and we took to the boats. Old Johnson was with me. So was the chief engineer, who proclaimed incessantly that our predicament was due to the captain's negligence. If he had only listened to him

the vessel would easily have escaped.

Old Johnson resented the remarks about his late master. For four miserable days he sat on a thwart never saying a word, just nursing his hate. On the fifth day at noon, when all hands were awake, he turned towards the sternsheets and said to me, "We've all shared what we saved, sir, except the chief. He's kept what he has in his bag to himself!" Don't ask me how he knew what was in the chief's small black bag. But he knew, of that I am sure.

I ordered the chief to open up his bag. He protested, declaring what he possessed was his own, for his own use. His attitude aroused the men's anger. I made a sign with my hand. The man nearest grabbed the bag and opened it up. Out dropped a roll of toilet paper . . . nothing more!

The chief's face reddened with dismay. The roll of toilet paper was all he could think of, apparently, as the vessel went down. The men roused from their cramped misery to jeer at him. Old Johnson's head nodded . . . just nodded. His revenge was complete!

I attained a command when I was only twenty-four. What little I knew of a captain's business I had learned from books. I do not know what I would have done without Peter Maloney, who joined the vessel with me as my tiger. I owed him more than I could ever repay, although, when I would thank him, he would assert that it was the other way round. I had saved his life when another cap-

tain had let him down. The debt, he would persistently maintain, was his!

It occurred in the Mediterranean. The vessel struck a mine. The lifeboats left while I was destroying the confidential papers. I was sitting on a hatch watching them pull away when I heard a bellow of good Irish oaths, then a gurgle as of a man drowning. It happened again and again, first the oaths, then the suffocating gurgle. Alarmed I crossed to the rail and looked down. Maloney was sitting on one of the lower lifeboat fall blocks where the captain had left him in his hurry to escape. When his head cleared the water he swore lustily; he gurgled to silence when the rolling of the vessel ducked him under the surface. I pulled him on board and, for many years, we were shipmates.

During my first year of command he was always at hand to counsel me from the wealth of knowledge he had picked up while serving as tiger to innumerable captains.

When fog or storm held me to the bridge he would come up every hour with hot coffee and toast. When the weather fined away he would be waiting in my quarters to see what I wanted before lying down.

I could trust him to do anything. I could illustrate this with a hundred incidents, but one will be enough.

On one of our last voyages together the mother of a company's director was sailing south with us to visit her daughter who was sick. The vessel was a freighter and she was the only

passenger on the ship. It was winter.

A gale caught us off the coast. The vessel was empty of cargo and soon became unmanageable. All she would do was roll to her beam ends and wallow in the trough, spray coating her with salt. There was no great danger, but the old lady worried me. I sent for Maloney. "Mrs. Wilton must be kept comfortable and cheery," I told him, "Do what you can!"

The gale persisted for days. We were blown all over the ocean. Three SOS calls came in from vessels in our vicinity. As I clung to the bridge rails, I imagined the old lady's predicament.

On the fourth day the gale eased away and I hastened down to see her. She was sitting in her cabin on a deck chair that had been padded with pillows and lashed to the legs of the settee. She smiled up at me like a young girl. "I don't know when I have ever been so happy," she told me, "Mr. Maloney has been telling me *such* romantic stories. He knows so many!"

Maloney was the most practical of men. I wondered if a romantic streak in his nature had escaped me. Up in my quarters again I asked him: "What's all this you've been telling Mrs. Wilton? I never knew you were a spinner of romantic tales."

He was very grave. His head shook. "I'm not, sir, but I had to be one," he told me, "You see, sir, I saw her reading one of those love-story magazines and I guessed she must be slipping back to her youth. Old people

do that, sir, you know sometimes. To keep her there, sir, I just read some stories in the magazines lying around and, every time I went in to see her, I told her one. You said she must be kept comfortable and cheery, sir."

Of the many excellent tigers who followed Maloney, George stands out the most clearly. He thoroughly believed that my integrity as well as my personal comfort was in his keeping. If I staggered too close to the curb of the "narrow path" when in port he would chide me, and at sea he would select the lady passengers to whom I might be friendly. If, by any chance, he should see me speaking to one he had not chosen, he would say: "She is not your kind, sir. She has an eye, sir, a predatory eye, sir. You know what I mean!"

But the incident concerning him that I recall most distinctly occurred at the dinner table. He was serving. The conversation, after drifting all over the place, settled on religion, a dangerous subject. To tease a rather dogmatic clergyman who was in the group I professed being an atheist. The arguments waxed strong and heated. I was condemning all faiths, and squalls seemed imminent, when a rebuking voice whispered in my ear: "Remember you believe in God, sir!"

The words came from George. They brought me up with a round-turn. In a spirit of mischief I had inexcusably forgotten that every passenger on board was my guest!

—CAPT. GEORGE H. GRANT

## CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

EVER SINCE THE LIBERTY BELL CRACKED,  
PHILADELPHIA HAS BEEN UNDER BOSS RULE



THE first white man to approach the waters that wash past the site of Philadelphia was Henry Hudson, who in 1609 sailed into the opening of the Delaware Bay. On the strength of his discoveries the Netherlands laid claim to an area lying roughly between the Hudson River, named after the Dutch explorer, and the Delaware River which Lord de la Warr, governor of Virginia, modestly named for himself.

About 1637 a group of Swedish colonists arrived in the vicinity and during the next decade took possession of an area which they fortified and called New Swederlandstream. The Dutch and the Swedes frequently came to bloodshed, each side raised its flag and planted its coat-of-arms and stole marches on the other whenever possible, but there was no open war between them. The fur and tobacco industries thrived, the colonists prospered and the neighboring tribes were friendly. In fact, the Swedish policy of treating the Indians well worked out so favorably that the Dutch finally adopted it, too. So that when William Penn arrived fair deal-

ing with the Indians was not unknown in this section of the New World.

The English early began to acquire lands on the Delaware and the quiet struggle for this territory became three-cornered. The Swedes finally relinquished their holdings and left the English and the Dutch to squabble among themselves. But in 1673 the English defeated their enemies and the Duke of York gained possession of the lands now known as Pennsylvania. A year later a treaty of peace between the warring nations gave control of all these settlements to the English, and the Dutch and Swedes lost their last political claims to the territory.

That tale of constant bickering is the history of this area until William Penn arrived. To understand Penn one must remember that he was a Quaker, a practicing rather than a "practical" Christian, an objector in matters of liberty of conscience, for which he several times suffered imprisonment, and above all, a student of government and a man with rare qualities of leadership. After the death

of his father, an admiral and favorite of Charles II, William Penn managed an estate which owned lands on the eastern shore of the Delaware. To develop these lands Penn came to encourage immigration to America and sent a vessel to the Delaware estate. So pleased did he become with his efforts that he resolved to make a "holy experiment" of founding a colony where men might enjoy those liberties that Church and State in Europe were unwilling to grant.

His father had left him a money claim on the Crown. Penn persuaded the court to give him colonial holdings for his claim and in 1681 the king granted him 45,000 square miles of New World wilderness in a charter that made Penn, with certain reservations, absolute proprietor of the territory.

It is interesting that Penn wanted to call his province New Wales and then, when that was rejected, offered Sylvania as a name. The king added Penn's own name to that suggestion, much to the other's annoyance, for the Friend thought it immodest to use his own name. But Pennsylvania it remained.

On October 28, 1682, Penn landed on the shores of the Delaware and at once informed the inhabitants that he intended to found a free state where the people should make their own laws. Probably no community in the New World was founded with as idealistic a creed behind it. Philadelphia was Penn's city. He planned

it and he named it the City of Brotherly Love.

Penn's was an unusual spirit. His charter gave him absolute power over the people and the government. But he stood for a government by freemen and distinguished himself as a law-giver in the constitution he gave his people. One can better appreciate his character by reading his *Essay Towards the Present Peace of Europe* in which he deplored war and its destruction and proposed a limited States of Europe with a diet to which each nation would send representatives. Historically, the League of Nations stems from this proposal.

\* \* \*

It was natural that the reputation for freedom and tolerance which the Province of Pennsylvania enjoyed should attract immigrants, both those who suffered from persecutions and those who desired to reap fortunes. Welsh and Germans, in addition to Englishmen, flocked here. Despite the grumblings of some of Penn's friends every distressed sect was allowed to share the blessings of the Penn government. The colony was, indeed, a holy experiment. The first people in America to declare against Negro slavery were some of Penn's colonists.

After Penn came Franklin. He arrived from Boston in 1723 when he was only seventeen years old. By the time he was twenty he was an important printer in Philadelphia. When he was twenty-three he issued the first number of the *Pennsylvania Ga-*

zette. The city was alive and appreciated sparkling editorials and discussions of public interest. Franklin was close to the heart and thought of the colonists and soon he became important as a molder of opinion. He published a monthly magazine. He issued pamphlets on such problems as the defense of the city against the French and Indian allies when they were at war with England.

It was Franklin who in 1728 founded the Junto, a literary club for amiable and intelligent discussion. Out of the Junto he conceived the idea of a library, which eventually became the first subscription library in the country. From his love of knowledge came his American Philosophical Society which he organized in Philadelphia. In 1732 he issued his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which became tremendously popular.

He was instrumental in the erection of a public hospital. He invented a movable stove, known as the Franklin stove, and refused a patent for it. He worked to improve the night watch service, the paving, lighting and cleaning system of his city and even organized a fire-fighting company for mutual assistance among its members in time of fire. Later he, among others, started an agency to provide fire insurance. In 1752 he was instrumental in founding the first general insurance company in the colonies. In 1749 he proposed an educational institution for young people which became the Academy and years

later the University of Pennsylvania.

Franklin was the colonies' most effective envoy to the mother country and time after time crossed the ocean to present the cause not only of Pennsylvania but of the other colonies as well. He was well-to-do, learned and universally respected. When Philadelphia was host to the Continental Congress Franklin was elected a member and later was appointed Postmaster-General of the colonies. He was seventy when the Declaration of Independence was signed. When he returned from a seven-year ambassadorship at Versailles, where he had been sent to urge France to help the American cause, all Philadelphia came out to see him. He was past eighty when the Constitutional Convention met in the Statehouse in Philadelphia but his great powers of compromise helped to unite the factions in the convention and to write the document that became the national charter of government.

Penn was a lawgiver and an idealist. Franklin was a scientist and a man of the world. Stephen Girard, who should follow next in a sketch of Philadelphia through its outstanding personalities, was a merchant and philanthropist. Girard was a Frenchman who arrived in Philadelphia a few weeks before the Declaration of Independence was signed. He lived in the city throughout the stormy years of the Revolution when Philadelphia was capital of the new nation. After some successful mer-

cantile ventures he went into shipping and before the end of the 18th century his fleet of clippers was known to sailing men in every sea and Philadelphia had become the most important mercantile center in the Union. As the city grew rapidly now he amassed a large fortune and became one of the first American bankers to deal on an international scale.

Girard served his city on the common council for seventeen years and for twenty-one years was port warden. The Bank of the United States received much of its support from him and when it was not rechartered the building that housed it was purchased for the "Bank of Stephen Girard." When the War of 1912 broke out he was the government's financial backer, at one time subscribing the majority of a five million dollar bond issue. At another time he saved the State of Pennsylvania with a loan of \$100,000. He loaned like sums to private enterprises.

Girard had always worked hard and was impatient with idleness. In addition, he had not been happy in his family relationships. Besides, he was interested in putting his money to use and could hardly bear to think of it being squandered by his heirs. So when Girard died in 1832 and his will was read the world was astounded. All his relatives and friends had been left comparatively small sums, but many legacies were left to hospitals, asylums, and for the poor. The rest of the estate, worth about six million

dollars, was left in trust to Philadelphia for the erection and maintenance of a college for orphan boys. Girard College is that institution.

\* \* \*

Steam came, the steamboat and the use of steam in manufacturing. The Industrial Revolution seized Philadelphia. The discovery of anthracite coal in the mountains back of the city made more economical the use of steam engines. In the year of Girard's death the first railroad line to connect with Philadelphia was built. Twelve years later the Pennsylvania Railroad was chartered.

The character of the city began to change. In 1834 political riots became frequent occurrences, the Negroes of the community the victims. For the next decade such disturbances burst out sporadically. Ill-feeling between the so-called "Native American" party and the Irish Catholics, who had immigrated in large numbers, caused new riots.

Then gas for lighting was made for general consumption and no sooner was it on the market than the control of the gasworks became a target for political spoilsmen. One of the earliest political bosses of Philadelphia, James McManes, known as "King" McManes, was a member of the corrupt Gas Ring that gained a foothold in 1841. "King" became a gas trustee in 1865. Two years later he was a political boss and a Republican leader in the Seventeenth Ward. Even after the gas trust was abolished in 1887

McManes still ruled. He was "King" until 1897. So Philadelphia had its Tammany, but here, unlike the situation in New York, it flew Republican colors. A fictioneer might utilize the fact that since 1835—or about that year—when the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall cracked, the city has been under boss rule.

The Centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence was held here in 1876, for from a historical angle no city in the country is as rich in Revolutionary places of interest: Here the Declaration of Independence was signed; here the Constitution was drawn up; here Betsy Ross made the first American flag. The population at this time was roughly three-quarters of a million people. The city had become a shipping center, a railway center and a great industrial district. Nevertheless there was still a Colonial beauty in large sections and a Quaker peacefulness permeated the community.

Behind the scenes new bosses ruled. "Iz" Durham from the Seventh Ward was one of the iron men in local politics who ruled a quarter-century, down to 1908. About 1895 brothers George and Edwin Vares, "the Dukes of South Philadelphia" appeared. They were of a somewhat higher caliber than their predecessors, although their cohorts also failed to distinguish between the public till and their own pockets.

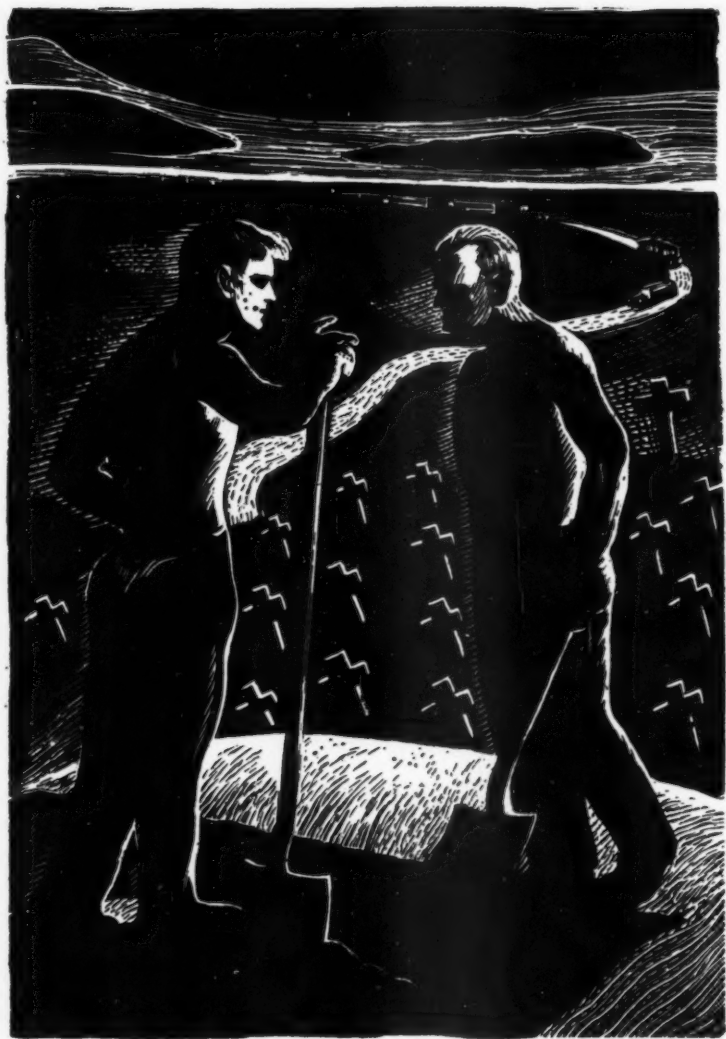
From 1880, when the last Democratic mayor was elected, until 1933,

there was only one political party in Philadelphia—for all practical purposes. The Franklin Delano Roosevelt landslide of 1933 turned the Vares out and when the last of the brothers died a year later a dynasty was ended.

Penn's city has grown a thousand-fold. Great bridges span its rivers. Great skyscrapers rise in its skies. Even if its politics is muddy, its sense of culture is still clear.

Today its population is 2,000,000. Together with Los Angeles and New Orleans it claims to be the second largest port in the country. Philadelphia contains a 5,000 acre park, the largest in the country and rivaled in the whole world only by one in Vienna. Fairmount Park contains miles of beautiful boulevards and driveways as well as hills and valleys, streams and creeks. If the city has expanded commercially and industrially, it has at least acquired sufficient green acres as breathing spaces for its inhabitants.

As one of the oldest American cities Philadelphia is, of course, widely known. But city fathers and Chamber of Commerce boosters are hereby apprised that, despite its glorious history, its largest fame has in our time been achieved through three factors: the no-Sunday rule in big-league baseball, the musicianship that made the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra internationally famous and that enigmatic simile, "as smart as a Philadelphia lawyer." —LOUIS ZARA



George G. West

## *BURIAL OF A FAMOUS MAN*

The bells rang out loudly  
Great pomp and great glory  
Black horses bore proudly  
The last of his story.  
All men gave acclaim  
Of his great store of gold  
Far flung was his fame  
Shrewd luck and bold.  
I stood there in wonder  
As they drove him by  
He had bought with his plunder  
A place in the sky.  
But the thing in my mind  
Well worthy of savor  
If the earthworms would find  
A superior flavor?

—DOUGLAS RICHWAGEN

## ONE NEVER KNOWS

NOT EVEN GERMAINE HERSELF REALIZED WHAT A  
BRILLIANT FUTURE GRAPHOLOGY HELD FOR HER



MADemoiselle Germaine Plantin was not pretty to the point where she would be pardoned for being poor. And certainly no one could have foreseen, in the little corner of the province where she vegetated, an orphan taken in by an aged aunt, that so brilliant a future awaited her. She occasionally appeared at some modest ball, where the stag line never quarreled over her. One saw her on Sunday mornings, armed with a tennis racket, giving mild competition to more athletic feminine companions. In short, she seemed destined to one of those drab youths which are rapidly followed by a maturity without brilliance or achievements.

And for all that, to anyone who had observed her with tenderness, she would have seemed gracious, with her clear eyes, which were softened with the nostalgic light of regret. Nothing set her apart. A good musician, she sought a place in an amateur orchestra; but the violin, piano, and harp being taken, she was assigned the clarinet. She learned to express herself on it with all her soul. In vain, alas! How many souls remain un-

known because they express themselves on a mediocre instrument.

Besides, she never complained. She put on old gloves to do the menial household tasks. She in no way affected to be different. When she was twenty-four, suffocating with boredom, she thought of expatriating herself. One of her cousins had been brilliantly successful in Madagascar. He had written asking for a secretary, quick, intelligent and, insofar as was possible, "personally attractive." Germaine proposed herself. And her imagination started off at a gallop. It occupied itself with a cousin thirty years old, rather commonplace, but whom an adventurous life must have singularly and happily changed. One wishes *bon voyage* to a timid bureaucrat and when one sees him again he is hardened, bronzed, transformed into a cowboy.

Having no photograph of her hero, Germaine occupied herself with studying his handwriting and with going to the bottom of things in so doing. Armed with a manual of graphology, she scrutinized her cousin's letters to the tiniest mark. She found signs of

manifest superiority, great goodness and infinite gentleness.

At the end of four months the answer arrived. The intrepid explorer indicated his preference for a stranger. Germaine studied this note with a reading glass and had no difficulty in finding those long bars, sloping and ending in a point, which reveal malice; that ugliness of certain capitals which betrays a mediocre mind; and those endings coiling back upon themselves which announce egoism.

Thus she consoled herself and came to cultivate a sort of frank pessimism. Clearer than behind deceptive faces, she discovered, lurked behind handwriting low instincts, silly vanities, cowardice, and avarice. From that time on, everything to her was grist for these examinations.

Little by little she attained distinction in her small town. The natives consulted her, her feminine companions especially. Thus she read many love letters not destined for her.

"Tell me what you think of him. Tell me everything—don't mince words—but repeat nothing to anyone." Her clientele grew. The young men, alarmed, brought her ready-made letters, which combined gallantry, ambition, tenderness, and artistic tendencies. But she quickly discovered the fraud.

"Sit down there," she ordered, "and quickly make a note of everything that passes through your head."

"But why?"

"No matter. Here," she added

laughing, "write a love letter thinking of her who attracts you most . . ."

The client applied himself: "Mademoiselle, for a very long time I have dreamed of expressing to you what I feel so profoundly . . . I prefer to confide to paper. . . ."

"Sign here," indicated Germaine. "Nothing is more important to me than the signature, with its flourish."

Her clientele included even tottering old men who still demonstrated—O miracle!—the need of elucidation in their own affairs. People begged for detailed consultations, complete and merciless portraits. At night, neighbors pointed out a window where a studious lamp burned. It was Mademoiselle Plantin studying graphology. They were surprised that she continued to work free of charge.

Then, one day, in the midst of the bills which constituted the steadiest part of her mail, Germaine's aunt received a letter telling of the coming marriage of one of their young relatives, Marie-Thérèse Huval. Overcome, she hurried to Germaine, who cast a practiced eye over the page:

"Ordinary amiability, pride, intellectual poverty. . . ."

"All that doesn't matter," retorted her aunt. "Intellectual poverty—possible! But industrial wealth—certain! They are asking you to go to Paris to serve as maid of honor. You have time to make yourself a pretty rose muslin dress. . . . In your place, I should certainly accept. One never knows."

Germaine accepted. She arrived in

Paris with a little trunk which contained, among other things, the rose muslin dress and her collection of sentimental autographs. She made use of everything but the autographs, because she guessed immediately that her science would be of no great help to her beyond the boundaries of her little city. Staying with the Huvals, she knew eight days of luxury and pleasure. There was, besides the father, mother and prospective bride, a son, Emile, who gazed upon life and people with a jaundiced eye. He was visibly in a hurry for these family fêtes to be over and he acted as cavalier to Germaine with sulky courtesy.

The morning of the wedding, his sister called him:

"Emile, come here quickly. Do you want a laugh? I went into Germaine's room to look for an ivory paper-knife I want to take with me—and just guess what I found."

She had found the collection of autographs: "Mademoiselle, for a very long time . . . 'If I told you, therefore, that I love you . . . 'A

heart silently enamored . . . ' Everything duly signed. Just look—have you ever seen such a collection of love letters? One never can tell about these little provincials! . . . I was sure this would tickle you."

But Emile was not at all tickled. He was one of those who cannot admire a landscape without being told beforehand of its beauties, a picture without having deciphered the name of the painter, a woman whom others do not covet. . . . When Germaine returned, all rosy from her walk, he found her exquisite. . . .

It was thus that little Miss Plantin, in all innocence, found the husband for whom she had long ceased to hope. For example, she never knew the reason for the flattering jealousy of her which Emile manifested. The secret was all the better kept because she stopped delving into the mysteries of handwriting, having made the simple discovery once and for all that the graphological traits of her husband were those of an imbecile.

—HENRI DUVERNOIS

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 39-41

1. A	11. A	21. A	31. A	41. A
2. B	12. A	22. A	32. A	42. B
3. B	13. A	23. A	33. A	43. B
4. B	14. B	24. B	34. B	44. A
5. A	15. A	25. B	35. A	45. B
6. A	16. A	26. B	36. B	46. B
7. B	17. A	27. A	37. A	47. B
8. A	18. B	28. B	38. B	48. B
9. B	19. B	29. A	39. A	49. A
10. B	20. B	30. B	40. A	50. B

# BEAUTIFUL FOREVER

PRECIOUS BUT NOT PRICELESS WERE THE  
MAGIC ELIXIRS BREWED BY MADAME RACHEL



**B**EAUTIFUL women! The Peach Blossom Cream and Alabaster Powder, the Magnetic Rock Dew Water from Sahara, Circassian Bloom, Arabian Soaps and Alabaster Liquid. These costly and inimitable toilet preparations render the hair, teeth and complexion beautiful beyond comparison. Can be had only at Madame Rachel's, 47A New Bond Street, where she can be consulted daily. Madame Rachel's Royal Arabian Perfume Baths are open daily. Write for *Beautiful Forever*, book of beauty just published by Madame Rachel... better read that back, Nettie."

Madame Rachel, still handsome in her middle age, leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes in concentration while her daughter read the advertisement which was to go into the morning papers.

"Just a minute, pet," she interrupted. "After where she can be consulted daily add 'All communications strictly confidential.' And be sure to make an extra copy for the files." Leaving her youngest daughter to make copies of the advertisement in

the lovely copperplate script of Victorian days, Rachel Levison went into the laboratory which Jinny, oldest of her seven children, managed. Proudly the young woman showed a sealed black Chinese vase on which glowed a spray of peach blossoms.

"New container," she explained. "I'm getting them from Ah Chun for twelve shillings each. And it means we can raise the price of Peach Blossom Cream from two guineas to five a pint."

Madame Rachel nodded her approval, then demanded, "Got that hair tonic ready for old lady Borradaile yet?"

Jinny handed her mother a quaint, battered bit of Persian pottery filled with pomade. "It's not bad stuff," she said thoughtfully. "Mange cure with all the smell taken out and a little lemon verbena added. Really pretty good tonic."

"The Angel Gabriel won't be able to grow hair on old Borradaile's head," her mother retorted impatiently. "But this gives her a good excuse to come here and meet her William. And, Jinny, have the girls pack three full kits for Fat Lillian. I saw in the

*Gazette* this morning that her husband's regiment is going to India. I'll talk her into taking enough for three years."

Bolder than today's most exclusive career women who rarely charge more than three dollars for a twenty cent jar containing three cents worth of perfumed lard, Madame Rachel sold only a few items for as little as a guinea. Her Magnetic Rock Dew of the Sahara which "removes wrinkles and renews the youth of persons of considerable antiquity" was sold at £10 to £20 a bottle. But since the remarkable face wash was "carried from the Sahara to Morocco on swift dromedaries for the use of the Court" and "might be called the very antipodes of the Lethean Styx of ancient times," Rachel had to charge more than today's cosmeticians. Just think how expensive those swift dromedaries must be!

Daughter of a cynical, unsuccessful writer, Rachel Russell early had her fill of clever talk and dunning creditors. Disregarding a dozen young writers who were fascinated by her wit and soft brown eyes, Rachel married an insignificant insurance solicitor named Moses. He died soon afterward—and Rachel was disgusted to find he had neglected to insure his own life.

However, still convinced that a business man was a better bet than a writer, actor or painter, the always business-like Rachel married Philip Levison who ran a clothing shop.

Free from worry about bills, able to buy whatever clothes she wanted, Rachel found herself bored. She was accepted for a tiny part at the Drury Lane Theatre, but the birth of her first daughter prevented her from acting. When a second child followed, Rachel left her babies with a nurse and started to sell the actresses lotions which she assured them would make their hair as pretty as her own blue-black curls, would give them complexions as fine as her own.

Soon she ceased visiting the theatre altogether. Levison died, leaving her with seven tiny children and a few thousand pounds. The young widow listened attentively while her husband's solicitor discussed buying consols, moving to a tiny cottage in the country where she could live on £200 a year. Then, thanking him for his advice, she used the entire inheritance to lease and furnish her first "House of Beauty." Before she was through she had borrowed another £5,000.

Ignoring the precept that bargains bring trade, Madame Rachel made her prices high, said in all advertisements that her cosmetics were "costly." She was rushed with business.

In a day of incredibly bad taste her "House of Beauty" was furnished with classic simplicity and loveliness. She gave luxury, too. The sunken pool where women had their £3 "Venus Toilet Perfume Baths" was pink marble. The pool for the baths included in the £200 "Royal Arabian Toilet of Beauty" was of green-veined marble.

The "Arabian Toilet of Beauty" consisted of a dozen baths in Magnetic Rock Dew of the Sahara. It included "Indian Coal for the Eyes," "Honey of Mount Hymettus Soap," "Royal Bridal Soap," "Maiden's Keepsake," and "Favorite of the Harem Pearl Powder." Furthermore, lest £200 seem rather high for a dozen baths and a few packages of soap, powder and mascara, it must be remembered that this Arabian Toilet of Beauty had been arranged for Madame Rachel by the Sultan of Turkey, that it was the very preparation for bliss used in his own harem. She told all about it in her prospectus.

Rachel's father had starved writing witty articles at half a guinea each. His daughter used an inherited talent to better advantage, drew throngs to her Bond Street salon. Branches were opened in Dublin and Amsterdam. Finally, deciding that the gullibility of idle, middle-aged women was simply beyond conception, Rachel turned out her masterpiece, "Beautiful Forever."

She had discovered a new elixir of youth, "Beautiful Forever" announced. Any woman who wished to become lovely and to retain her charm of face and figure through life had only to take the "Beautiful Forever" treatments at the cost of a mere thousand pounds. The magic elixir, Rachel wrote, was brought from certain islands of the South Seas where it had been used with notably captivating results by beautiful, dusky princesses.

Rachel's eloquent booklet about the Island women of ninety who still enchanted all beholders had illustrations of lithe hula dancers in grass skirts to prove the efficacy of the elixir. The pictures of these glamorous creatures had captions informing the readers that these dancers, who looked sixteen were actually over eighty. And all from the magic elixir.

Over fifty women bit—and for £1,000 each.

But finally increasing greed made Rachel lose all caution. She had taken a giddy, brainless officer's widow named Mary Borradaile for £5,300. This woman, described by a journalist as "a quondam beauty—a skeleton encased apparently in plaster of Paris, painted pink and white and surmounted by a juvenile wig" had enjoyed the "Beautiful Forever" course of treatment. She had furthermore been assured by Madame Rachel that a mysterious Lord Ranelagh had seen her from afar, had fallen madly in love with her charms and was only delaying marriage until she had completed all of Rachel's beauty treatments.

A hundred pounds at a time Mrs. Borradaile gave her small fortune to Rachel. Finally in 1868 she had nothing at all left but her officer's widow's pension which fortunately could not be transferred—and Rachel had her arrested for not paying a £1,600 note she had signed.

Mrs. Borradaile's frantic telegram from prison brought her brother-in-

law, a lawyer named Cape, to the rescue. He found that the Crown was anxiously waiting a chance to prosecute. Weeping women had told of being bled white, left penniless. But not one of Rachel's victims had been willing to endure the publicity that would follow taking the stand against her. Assured that Mrs. Borradaile would testify, the police at once arrested Rachel.

The case was far from clear. Mrs. Borradaile was a wretched witness. The first jury disagreed. But in the second trial Commissioner Kerr who presided instructed the jury to find Rachel guilty if they thought she had obtained money under false pretenses. The twelve good men and true looked at Mrs. Borradaile who had paid over £5,000 to become "Beautiful Forever"—and returned the desired verdict. Rachel spent three years in prison.

Once out she immediately returned to her business. Her daughters had sold the Bond Street salon since its prestige was harmed by the trial. They opened a new Home of Loveliness in Grosvenor Square. Rachel now called herself "Arabian Perfumer to the Queen"—there were other queens beside Victoria weren't there?

No more than Barnum did Rachel worry about the crop of suckers. She could still write. At a time when powder meant white talcum and rouge meant red paint, Rachel was a pioneer in compounding cosmetics that matched and enhanced the natu-

ral color of the skin. Her daughters who were genuinely fond of her watched closely to force their mother to stick to beauty culture.

But again rapacity betrayed her. Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, daughter of Marius the famous opera singer, was a pretty woman who visited the House of Loveliness merely to have her hair tinted. She was persuaded to invest in the "Beautiful Forever" treatments at a bargain price of £500.

Rachel took some valuable jewelry as security. After Mrs. Pearse had paid in full, she refused to return the gems, saying that everyone knew it cost £1,000 to be made "Beautiful Forever."

Mrs. Pearse asked her father's advice. He took the case to the police at once. This time there was a reputable witness against Rachel. She was again convicted, sentenced to Woking Convict Gaol.

An erect, commanding old woman, undaunted by misfortune, Rachel compounded lotions for the warden's wife, was given the freedom of the gaol in return. She died of pneumonia in 1880 at the age of 74.

Today "Agua Rachel" is sold in South America. A fine clay used in facial packs is "Rachel clay." Certain shades of powder, rouge and lipstick are known as light, medium and dark Rachel. Nor is this all. In style of advertising the cosmetic business follows the trail blazed by this industrious, hard working pioneer.

—EDITH LIGGETT

## WAMPANOAG SACHEM

NOT UNTIL KING PHILIP WAS CRUSHED COULD  
INDIAN POWER BE BROKEN IN NEW ENGLAND



THREE months after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on their "stern and rockbound" coast, Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoag Indians, appeared with a retinue of warriors and made friendly overtures to the white men. Soon a treaty of friendship was concluded, one that was to be kept faithfully for nearly fifty years.

At one time nearly all of southern Massachusetts, from Cape Cod to Narragansett Bay, had belonged to the Wampanoags. It is estimated that little more than a decade before the Pilgrims came this nation had numbered some thirty thousand people, living in well-built villages, possessing tilled fields and granaries. Then a strange plague, thought to be either yellow fever or smallpox, struck the tribes and reduced them to a group of about one thousand persons. Their numerical weakness, and the fact that the terrible Mohawks were behind them in the West, may have accounted for their willingness to befriend the newcomers.

As long as Massasoit lived the Englishmen experienced no difficulty in securing cessions of land. Indeed,

when he died in 1661 few portions of the Wampanoag domain remained in Indian hands.

Massasoit left two sons, Wamsutta and Pometacom, who had, by their English friends, been given the names of the Greek conquerors, Alexander and Philip. Wamsutta, or Alexander, became the sachem on the death of his father. But hardly had the new chieftain set about his duties than he fell victim to rumors that he was plotting against the Plymouth colony.

Now the God-fearing white settlers, deriving their inspiration from the Old Testament, regarded themselves as the ancient Israelites in a new Promised Land. It was in accord with the high-handed Plymouth policy that the new sachem, Alexander, son of the "friendly Indian," Massasoit, was summoned to the colony to answer the charges that he was soliciting the assistance of other tribes for a general war against the whites. When the summons was not answered promptly a troop of soldiers was dispatched after the Wampanoag sachem. By a surprise move the soldiers came

suddenly upon Alexander and his warriors, disarmed them, and compelled them to come along.

Here tragedy entered. Whether from outraged pride, or from a dose of poison, as was later charged by his own people, Sachem Alexander fell into a fever and had to be permitted to return home. Shortly thereafter he died. His brother Philip succeeded him as sachem of the Wampanoags.

In August, 1662, Philip appeared before the court at Plymouth and declared his desire for peace and amity and ratified again the old treaty under which his father and brother had lived. Thus was the peace kept for nine more years, proof that Philip at any rate sought no war.

In 1671 the suspicious Plymouth authorities challenged him to explain certain warlike preparations that had been detected going on among his people. The sachem charged that his hunting grounds were being usurped by the white men and defended his warlike preparations as precautionary measures against the Narragansetts. The commissioners retorted that he was friendly with the Narragansetts and accused him of planning attacks on Taunton and other settlements. Contritely, it seems, King Philip signed a new agreement henceforth to keep the peace. He also promised to surrender the weapons of his warriors.

But he either did not try or did not want to surrender those arms. Again he was summoned to Plymouth.

Again he was tardy in replying. Plymouth informed Massachusetts and asked for support in crushing this sachem who dared to conduct himself so independently. No sooner had Plymouth's dispatch arrived in Boston than King Philip himself appeared, this time to explain to the Massachusetts authorities. At this point Massachusetts refused to back Plymouth in a war against the Wampanoags. Plymouth seemed to be astonished at her neighbor's attitude and soberly reconsidered her own actions, finally consenting to meet the sachem with commissioners from Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut present.

King Philip appeared. He signed articles signifying that he submitted to the authorities and in addition promised to pay one hundred pounds in goods for his misdemeanors. He was charged with failure to give up his arms, with general insolence, and with damaging Plymouth's standing by going to present his cause in Boston. He was warned to humble himself; if he did not, "he must expect to smart for it." So the peace was kept for another three years.

The sachem himself shunned Christianity and neither John Eliot nor Roger Williams could make him see that the white man's religion was other than ill-suited to the red man. The Wampanoags, of course, followed their chief in rejecting the Christian teachings. Numbers of Indians of other

tribes, however, became converts. John Eliot founded towns with his Christian Indians and did more to build up the country than all the proud preachers of Plymouth.

Among these converts was John Sassamon, a Massachusetts Indian, who, after having been a convert for many years, suddenly renounced Christianity and became secretary and interpreter to King Philip. Sassamon was therefore present at many of the secret councils over which the sachem presided and so was acquainted with the deliberations of the Wampanoags. Fearing punishment for some crime Sassamon finally left Philip's service and became a convert once more. Several years later, in 1674, he appeared at Plymouth and gossiped about an alleged plot on Philip's part to exterminate the English. For this attempted treason Sassamon's life, by Indian custom, became forfeit and in January, 1675, he was found slain.

Three Wampanoags were arrested on another Indian's accusations. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, but because the body of Sassamon was supposed to have bled afresh when the accused men were brought near it—a superstition accepted as evidence in those days—the three were held to be guilty and were subsequently executed. That act marked the real end of Massasoit's peace. For even if the Wampanoags were guilty, something by no means certain, they were only guilty of carrying out Indian justice,

which even Plymouth did not ordinarily deny.

Imaginative souls in Plymouth saw comets in the form of blazing arrows and heard the thunder of the hoofs of invisible horsemen: portents of war. But now with the Indians enraged the Plymouth authorities hesitated and attempted to compromise. Why compromise, retorted Philip, when compromise meant that the white men won? Apparently, since his warriors were eager to be revenged, the sachem had decided to lead them, whatever the outcome might be.

Slowly the war fever rose. The Wampanoags burned houses and stole cattle. But they refrained from shedding the first blood from fear that whoever shed the first blood would lose the war. On June 18 an Indian was wounded at Swansea and, the first blood shed, defiant braves went pillaging through the countryside.

Quickly, for he had not made alliances before, the accusations notwithstanding, Philip sent ambassadors to neighboring tribes asking for help. Even when the other tribes joined him there were no more than four thousand Indians in the fight. Against them were the thirty thousand people of New England, mustering at least six thousand fighting men, many of them old soldiers of Cromwell and well equipped and trained. In addition they also had their Indian allies. Philip would have to depend on small war parties, moving quickly, striking

and retreating, lying in ambush, sniping and stealing away, conducting a guerrilla warfare at best. Eight or nine white men were killed in an ambush at Swansea. Then Massachusetts joined Plymouth in an attempt to crush Philip as soon as possible.

War parties went in every direction, burning and slaying, with the soldiers pursuing them and now and then attempting to trap the sachem. One military leader, Captain Benjamin Church, was responsible for most of the successful maneuvers on the part of the colonial forces.

The Connecticut colony now joined Massachusetts and Plymouth against King Philip, employing the Mohegan Indians to scalp and scout with them. Parties of soldiers marched here and there through the entire Connecticut Valley in an attempt to beat off the Indians. The red men's villages and cornfields were burned and trampled and a systematic man hunt for the Indians was begun. Even the converted and friendly savages fell victims to the zeal for victory over Indians.

All through the summer the war was fought. The settlers had suffered great losses and several settlements had been completely wiped out; but they could at least get meager supplies from the authorities. The Indians on the other hand faced a hard winter, their villages burned, their crops destroyed, their forces decimated, their powder and shot scarce, and without their winter supply of

food. John Eliot pleaded for the innocent Indians, his converts, but even they were mistreated, tortured, killed or sold into slavery. It had become a war to the finish.

That winter the colonists determined to march against the Narragansetts.

On December 19, with an informer leading them, the troops advanced upon the Narragansett stronghold. The colonial soldiers charged the stockade, entered, and after a fierce battle drove the Indians out, thus routing the powerful tribe, the remnants of which were now on Philip's side till death or capture.

The whereabouts of King Philip himself during all this time is not known exactly, but in February, 1676, Canonchet of the Narragansetts and King Philip finally met and a great council of war was held. Weakening, the colonists offered to negotiate, but neither Philip nor Canonchet would trust in the pledges of the white men now.

Then by a stroke of luck and the help of another informer Canonchet was surprised and captured. His life was offered to him if he would persuade his people to sue for peace, but the Narragansett sachem was not to be bribed. He was sentenced to die and the white men encouraged their Indian allies to participate in the execution. So died Canonchet and his death was a great blow to King Philip, who had stood greatly in

need of the young warrior's help.

And suddenly the united colonies seemed to learn a lesson from all the bloody warfare: the friendly Indians were permitted to take the lead in fighting Philip. Their craftiness and understanding of the sachem's tactics turned the war tide against the Wampanoag leader.

The Indians were weakening. Disease and privation hurt their morale and shook their own confidence in themselves. There was dissension among them and the white men had finally learned how to fight them. Parties of Mohawks from New York were now across the Hudson, raiding the land at Philip's back. Thenceforth Philip and his people were to be fighting against odds.

In early July the Narragansett country was raided by the English and their red allies. Warriors and women and children alike were slaughtered. The Socañets sued for peace. Other Indians, despairing, gave themselves up and to save their lives turned traitor against Philip. Now the sachem was truly a hunted man. Often the hunters came upon the camp he had left but a few hours before.

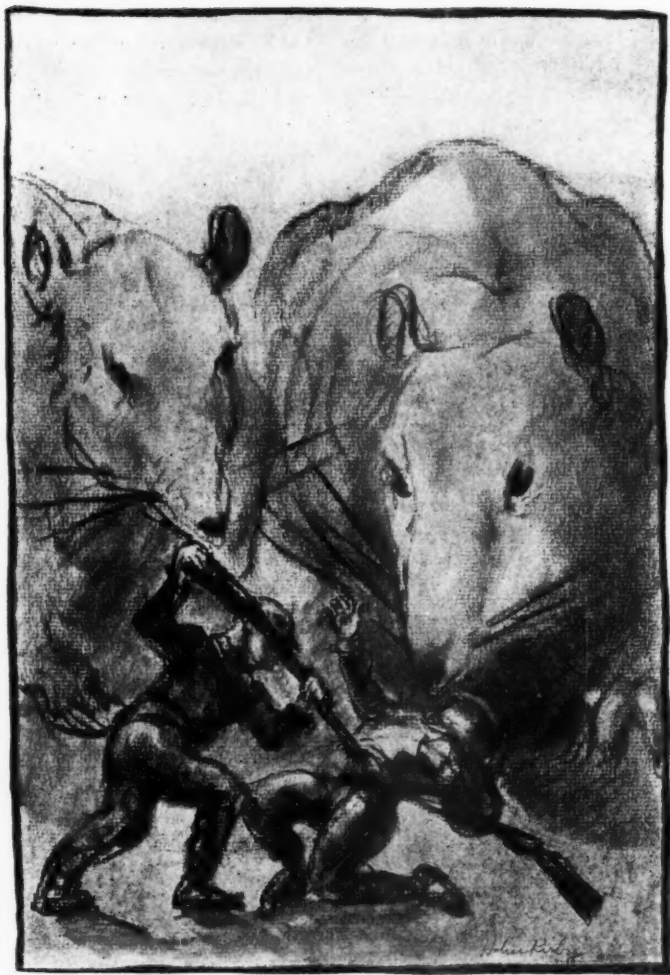
Captain Benjamin Church was commissioned to mop up. Philip's wife and child were captured. Carefully guarded, the royal captives were taken to Plymouth. Self-righteously, the court studied the case: should Philip's wife and child be put to death? At last ironic mercy was shown. These two were not to be exe-

cuted. The authorities would not stain their hands with the blood of the woman and her young child. Instead, they were to be sold into slavery; somewhere in the southland the tropical climate would take revenge for the pious community.

An informer was responsible for the beginning of the war and an informer was, in a way, responsible for its close. One day a member of Philip's own band exhorted the sachem to give himself up. In cold rage the desperate leader slew the man. The dead brave's brother went to the English and gave away the sachem's hiding place. Quickly Captain Church marched his men toward the lair of the hunted leader. Surprising the camp, they discovered Philip. An Indian rifle-shot killed him—August 12, 1676. His body was beheaded and quartered. The quarters were hung upon four trees. His head was set upon a pole in Plymouth and remained there nearly a quarter of a century, a grim trophy of the victory over the thirty-seven-year-old Indian leader.

So the war, known as King Philip's, ended. At least six hundred soldiers and settlers had perished, in addition to women and children. Thirteen settlements had been destroyed. The damage in crops, cattle and money was appalling. But Indian power in New England had been forever broken. What the pestilence at the beginning of the century had not finished the whites had accomplished.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS



DRAWING BY HELEN KIRBY

*"They're interesting in a way,  
But haven't too much sense—  
They go on dying every day  
And don't learn by experience."*

## A NOTE ON PURCELL

LITTLE THOUGH WE KNOW THE MAN, IT IS TIME  
WE MADE OUR ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIS MUSIC



*MET with Mr. Lock and Purcell, Masters of Music, and with them to the Coffee House, into a room next the water, by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two . . . Heard a variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made. . . .*

So Samuel Pepys recorded on February 20, 1660, within a few months of the birth of Henry Purcell, Junior. The famous commentator, however, thoughtlessly closed his gossip column before the greatest Purcell became active, and thus left us no contemporary word-picture of England's first composer.

Of Purcell's habits, his character, his likes and dislikes, we know nothing. Whether he was a hard drinker, often "fixed," as Pepys says, we can only guess. He left no letters, no diary, a will that tells us, as wills usually do, that he died in full possession of his faculties, and only a few formal and high-flown dedications to his published works.

The date of his birth is uncertain. He died on the eve of St. Cecilia's Day, 1695. There is a yarn to the effect that his death was caused by a

cold contracted while waiting to get into his own house. He kept late hours, and his wife is supposed to have given orders to the servants not to admit him after midnight. When he came home, after the prescribed hour, heated from drinks at the tavern, he caught his death of cold in the wet, damp night. More probably, he died from tuberculosis, a disease most prevalent at the time and which is known to have taken several of his relatives.

His death was the cause of considerable public mourning; indeed, he was the first musician thought worthy of burial in that now over-crowded museum of bad taste, Westminster Abbey. His tablet, placed at the foot of the organ he played there for more than fifteen years, reads:

HERE LYES HENRY PURCELL, ESQ.

WHO LEFT THIS LIFE

AND IS GONE TO THAT BLESSED PLACE

WHERE ONLY HIS HARMONY

CAN BE EXCEEDED

Grandiloquent were the tributes of his contemporaries:

*Sometimes a hero in an age appears,  
But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years.*

Dryden deigned to write an Ode:

*The heavenly choir, who heard his  
notes from high*

*Let down the scale of music from the  
sky;*

*They handed him along*

*And all the way he taught and all the  
way they sang.*

But no word was written of Purcell  
the man.

His portraits are puzzling. As a youth, he had a large, long nose, a humorous, upturned mouth, a wisp of melancholy around the eyes and a hint of a double chin, which was quite pronounced later on. At thirty-five he resembled a portly clubman, comfortably complacent, and scarcely interested in the arts. In none of his likenesses does he gaze straight at you. Always, his personality is elusive.

Like Bach, Purcell remains a legendary figure, a man speaking in another room. Like Bach, too, he was the culminating glory of his line. The Purcells were musicians for two centuries. The fire of genius began to glow in the generation of his father and uncle, reached its climax in that of himself and his brother, and sank slowly in those of his son and grandson, becoming extinct only in the fifth generation. The Purcells, like the Bachs, were a constellation of stars, in which a single bright star paled the others into invisibility.

\* \* \*

The greatest Purcell passed half of his busy creative life in the service of Church and King. As Composer in

Ordinary to three Britannic majesties, he wrote odes on their birthdays, their coronations and deaths, anthems of welcome and of thanksgiving on the Queen's Pregnancy, feast-songs, etc. As organist of Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal and composer for the King's violins, he wrote sacred songs, cantatas, hymns, and instrumental works.

From the time he was enrolled as one of the dozen children in the restored Chapel Royal, until his early death, at thirty-six or -seven, his livelihood depended upon Royal patronage. Purcell was one in the vast army of the King's retainers, whose pay often was years in arrears. Charles II had sixty-five musicians in ordinary, fifteen trumpeters, seven drummers and fife-players, barbers, printers, booksellers, a master of cock-fighting, two hundred servants in ordinary, including a historiographer, hydrographer, cosmographer, poet laureate, and scenographer. The luxury and magnificence of the Court was striking and the musicians were not lost in the shuffle, for the King liked music. Purcell ranked above the master of cock-fighting, if he did not receive the consideration accorded the confidential secretary whose special duties were connected with the back stairs.

Evelyn describes a Sunday evening at the Court: "The King sitting and toying with his concubines, a French boy singing love songs . . . whilst about twenty of the great courtiers were round a large table . . . a bank of at least

two thousand in gold before them...."

It was before such a Court that Purcell "assumed the confidence of laying his unworthy work, and was constrained to hope he might presume, amongst other of His Majesty's over-obliged and altogether undeserving subjects, that His Majesty would with his accustom'd Clemency, Vouchsafe to Pardon the best endeavors of His Majesty's most Humble and Obedient Subject and Servant," which undoubtedly he was. Only once do the records show him in conflict with the authorities and that was a dispute as to whether he was entitled to the money collected from the visitors admitted to his organ loft so they might get a better view of the coronation of William and Mary in 1689.

\* \* \*

In his spare time, that is, when he was not making church and court music a pleasure instead of a penance, Purcell busied himself with music for the stage. One day he bid the trumpets sound for majesty and the next he sought flight from love's sickness to find the fever in himself. More than fifty plays were enriched by his incidental tunes . . . tunes turned out overnight that made him the delight and the darling of contemporary London.

The English of the Restoration period did not adopt the operatic form as it was developing on the continent. They preferred masques—extravaganzas peopled with gods, goddesses, spirits, nymphs, monkeys, pea-

cocks, Chinese dancers—everything lavish and spectacular. For these Purcell wrote music . . . music that was to be, according to his own words, "an exaltation of the poetry." His supple melodies were a faithful duplication of the metrical accents of the verses, and are extraordinary, even today, for their dramatic life, expressiveness, and mastery of characterization.

Purcell collaborated with Dryden in *Diocletian*, *King Arthur*, *Amphitryon*, *Love Triumphant*, or *Nature Will Prevail*, written for a world that wanted to be amused, and full of ribald verse and suggestive scenes. The vigor and individuality of Purcell's music is unmistakable. It catches exactly the spirit of the stage action and, as Dryden boldly put it, "has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-prejudiced audience."

A child of his age, Purcell nevertheless goes beyond his predecessors and contemporaries in the boldness of his progressions, the end in view being more important than any irregularly resolved progression. Without him, Handel could not have been all that he was. Wagner also helped himself to Purcell; if you don't believe it, compare *Yorkshire Feast* with *Die Meistersinger*. And familiar suspensions from Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande* are to be spotted in *Dido and Æneas*.

This chamber opera for amateurs is one of the masterpieces of music drama—perhaps the only one in English. Two hundred and fifty years old, and not a bit the worse for age, it

gathered dust for two centuries after its first performance by the ladies of a Chelsea boarding school. In it, the art of setting English speech to music reaches its highest perfection . . . and nowhere in music is there a more penetrating revelation of the secret mysteries of human love and passion. The farewell of *Dido*—in the strictest of the old forms—is as poignant an utterance of grief today as when it was first penned. Unfortunately, the autograph manuscript disappeared and we are not always certain what turn of phrase or what harmonic subtlety Purcell intended. In hearing most of his works, we are, unhappily, at the mercy of editors and arrangers.

No matter, it is time we became intimately acquainted with his music. He is in need of rediscovery, as Bach and Mozart have been rediscovered. Too long has he been worshiped only in the pages of dictionaries and encyclopaedias of music. Fortunately, Purcell gramophone records are now being issued, the Purcell Society has

completed its collection of thirty handsome volumes, and the presence of John Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic Symphony assures us of repeated broadcasts of his arrangements of Purcell's music.

To discover Purcell is to unearth a fresh fountain-spring of vitality. He sings like a bird. Captivating melodies come straight from his heart, "where the purest English soul mirrors itself." Whether feminine and yielding, or full of boisterous energy, whether glowing with fire or aching with regret, nothing vulgar, nothing brutal disturbs his music. It is free and deep and poetic without a trace of bigwig stiffness. Sometimes it is clear and strong and sparkling, but more often it is like "a miniature Mozart eternally convalescent . . . full of delicate harmonies, of caressing dissonances . . . with delicate and varied nuances of a pale tint, vague and slightly blurred, like the springtime sun piercing through a light mist. . . ."

—CARLETON SMITH

## THE UMPIRE



Let's go to the ball game, Willy!  
We can yell at the Umpire.  
Of course—what he says, goes.  
But he can't arrest us for yelling.  
Or put us in a concentration camp.  
Or have us shot.  
We can enjoy hating him in perfect safety.

—OTTO S. MAYER

# CAN WE DREAM THE FUTURE?

SOMETIMES, IN SLEEP, MAN COMES FACE TO FACE  
WITH THE RIDDLE OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION



WHAT happens to the soul in sleep? Since the dawn of time this question has fascinated the mind of man and never more so than when the suggestion is made that in the sleeping state he attains at times to an abnormal vision which gives him knowledge of future events.

To suppose that this claim is one first made in modern times is an error. For the Egyptians, the Medes, the Persians, the Greeks, Romans, Chinese and Hindus have all pondered this mystery.

The literature of antiquity abounds in dream references and dream speculation. You find them in Pythagoras, in Socrates, Plato, in Galen and the Stoics. In fact, the interpretation of dreams was, in Greece, a profession and in ancient Egypt, too.

Brutus, it will be recalled, dreamed on the plains of Philippi and saw his familiar spirit who foretold the coming of his defeat days before Antony and Octavius vanquished him.

References to prophetic dreams and to dreams revealing knowledge of coming events, are frequently to be encountered in the Old Testament.

The Magi, we are told, were warned by dreams not to return to Herod. And in the same way, Ananias learned of the conversion of Saul; and Saul, in turn, of the restoration of sight that was to be achieved for him at the hands of Ananias.

But since the remote past always possesses for us a certain air of unreality or disconnection from our own experience, it will be necessary to turn from antiquity to modern times.

Has this faculty of dreaming into the future a reality *for us*; that is: Do people still have this strange and awe-inspiring experience? The weight of evidence that this is so is little short of convincing. Let me cite some instances that are vouched for in a very thorough way.

Take, for example, the dream of the future experienced by Princess Emma Carolath. She set this dream down, and that record was read by people before the confirmation by time of its contents.

The Princess had fallen asleep anxious about a dear one. She presently found herself in an unknown castle and in an octagonal cabinet wherein

was a bed, a lamp over it and, at its head, a picture of Christ and verses of the poet Schiller.

Two years later, while on a visit to friends in Hungary, the Princess was amazed to see the castle of her dreams. Later she was more amazed still to find herself in the octagonal cabinet, every detail of which was as she had dreamed it two years before.

The fact that this dream was set down in writing, and that writing shown to others, invalidates any theory of fraud.

But since one swallow does not make a summer, the reader may require further instances. These it is not difficult to supply, for there is an abundance.

Perhaps the most astounding case recorded is the well-known one of Monsieur A. Saurel who dreamed, in full and vivid detail in 1911, an episode that actually occurred to him during the World War.

He foresaw accurately the place, the men, and their features (recognizing them immediately when the dream became fact) and the action in every particular.

Let me cite one more case before turning to the problem presented by these—as I claim—proven facts.

Madame Lukawski was the wife of a high official in the Ministry of Marine under the Czarist regime. One night her husband woke up crying out: "Help! Save me!" When he awoke he said he had dreamed of a terrible disaster at sea in

which his ship was sunk in collision.

Two months later he had to take ship from a Black Sea port. He then recalled his dream and expressed his fear that he would never come back.

His foreboding proved well founded. His ship was the *Wladimir* which came into collision with the *Sineus*; M. Lukawski was among those drowned.

The first thing that will occur to most people will be this: If we can dream the future, then the future is preordained and we can no longer claim free will. And it does most surely seem that there can be no squaring of prescience and free will.

Well, I confess, their difficulty is my own. If we surrender belief in free will we are faced with a feeling of impotence: we are the automatons of fate, and what will be will be.

But human egotism revolts from that solution: it insults us in our deep-rooted conceit; it takes the heart out of us, wipes out the significance of life with its struggles, defeats and triumphs.

Personally, I feel that the explanation lies somewhere in our conception of *time*, and that only when we change the common conception of it that we have can we begin to come to grips with our problem.

In attempting to survey this problem I stand precisely where most of my readers stand, armed with scant knowledge and full of bewilderment. I consider how I have come to regard time and I see that it is as a river that flows from past to present and so

to future, a one-way stream along which we move in orderly procession. And directly I look closely at this idea I see at once how false it is.

Can I say, for example, that in looking at the night sky, when the stars are thickly scattered over the vast and awe-inspiring dome, I am seeing things in the present?

Of course, I cannot. I see, maybe, the light of a star that ceased to exist a thousand years before the final stone was placed upon the pyramid of Cheops. I see it now, in my present: but it belongs to the past.

What is in my present is the light from that star, which, after traveling at unimaginable speed across the empty wastes of interstellar space, now reaches the retina of my eye and stimulates my optic nerve.

As I stand and ponder, the obvious reality of the external world about me dissolves into mystery. I say, perhaps, that I stand still and watch that sky. Well, in relation to what do I stand still?

Certainly not in relation to the stars or to the moon, for I am part of the planet earth and that planet earth is in perpetual motion.

Nothing is so dangerous when striving, however inadequately, to grapple with the majestic problems of life, as the easy acceptance of the obvious.

We talk of common sense and you may say that it is common sense that we cannot look into the future from the uncharted realm of dreams. But such common sense, in point of fact, dis-

solves itself into uncommon nonsense.

We have, it seems to me, to change our conception of time; for time, as modern astrophysics is discovering, is not that single one-way river of our everyday conception. It is even possible that there is more than one time. That daring theory has been advanced by a brilliant mathematician in the last few years.

The great difficulty that besets us in our efforts to understand how it may be possible to foresee the future lies in the fact that we habitually think in three dimensions. When we come to the problem of the future we enter the mystic realm of the fourth dimension. It is not easy to think fourth-dimensionally. For any but the mystic and the mathematician it is, perhaps, impossible.

Yet there, somewhere, lies the answer to the riddle I have posed. It is nothing less than the riddle of human destiny.

I accept the truth of these phenomena of sight of future events, but I do so without surrendering my faith that, within limits, we possess free will.

The advance of knowledge proceeds, it sometimes seems, with mathematical progression and we may one day possess the solution of the riddle, may learn the great uncharted realm of Dreamland, even so direct the waking will as to influence the journeys of the soul while the body lies, inert, wrapped in darkness and in dreams. —SIR HERBERT BARKER

## YOUNG MAN FROM SPAIN

*RATED A VETERAN AT TWENTY-FOUR, FEDERICO CASTELLON HAS BEEN AN ARTIST ALL HIS LIFE*



FEDERICO CASTELLON is the type of born artist of whom it might be said that he learned the A B C's of painting and drawing in his mother's womb. Certainly since his birth only twenty-four years ago he has spent precious little time either in art schools or masters' ateliers laboring and sweating his way toward the mastery of a line or a tone. He seems to have had more at his fingertips instinctively than all the perpetual art students rolled into one have been able to learn. He is one of those wonder children, more rare in art than in music or chess, only somewhat less a miracle, somewhat less removed from the possibility of scientific explanation than the fabled vision of Minerva emerging full-armed from the head of Jove. Federico Castellon is not an artist to be praised, he is rather a phenomenon to be marveled at. However, he has had so many difficulties to surmount, so many difficulties of so many kinds, that we must look upon his art not entirely as a gift of Nature, but rather as the expression of a human will freely determined, as well as destined by fate, to create art.

Artists born in deserts, aesthetically speaking, sometimes explain their inclinations by reference to a grand-aunt who painted lampshades or to a cultivated grandfather who could tell a Botticelli from a Bouguereau, but Castellon, who seems almost to have been armed at birth with pencils, pens and brushes, can refer to no one in his ancestry who ever had the slightest concern with art. His environment, no less than his family, was indifferent, if not hostile, to art. If Federico Castellon was not the ugly duckling of his family he was at least its queer duck. Almeria, in Spain, no less than Brooklyn, in America, was not concerned with the cultivation of so refined a shoot as Federico. One of a large family, and a poor family, there was no time nor thought nor inclination to give this gifted member a little more space and air, a little aesthetic elbow room. The great business of life is to make a living, by making or selling the things that people need and want, and if you cannot or will not participate in any of these normal acquisitive operations, you might as well resign from the human race.



FEDERICO CASTELLÓN 84. '37

COURTESY WEYHE GALLERY, NEW YORK

## RECOGNITION

Castellón does not yet know what it means to have a room of your own, either for work or study. A corner of a room is the most he has been able to fence off, invisibly, from the rest of the human race, and his general tendency is to put up barriers between himself and the rest of the world even on those occasions when there is no need of them. He has not had the

strength or the courage to create his own environment by seeking out the artists and the students who might find his work congenial, or at least sympathize with it. The manner in which he has established those few contacts with the world of art which he has formed have been most accidental. It is characteristic of him that with a letter of introduction to Picasso



### LANDSCAPE IN SPAIN

in his pocket, he would not call upon that artist to present it when he was passing through Paris, fearing possibly a rebuff or a pointless interview. You will have to call upon Castellón many times before he will call upon you.

Castellón was born the year the whole world began going to war and in one of the few European countries untouched by it, now unhappy Spain. He was born in a little village called Alhabia, in the province of Almería, to whose capital city the Castellóns moved when Federico was still a child. Although the Castellóns emigrated

from Spain when Federico was only seven, he still thinks and feels like a Spaniard. If he is sadder in New York than it seems he need be, it is not only because he comes from a melancholy people, but because that people is stabbing itself in a dozen places. His drawings and his lithographs show, again and again, Castellón dreaming and meditating upon landscapes that engraved themselves upon the artist's boyish memory. Even in his surrealist drawings and almost abstract designs, elements of the Spanish landscape appear again and again. At least one of them, *Landscape in Spain*, reflects in it



SELF-PORTRAIT

the desolated feeling with which the war has marked Castellon himself.

The Castellons settled in Brooklyn, which has been home to the artist since the age of seven. He went through the regular public school courses, graduating from Erasmus High School only five years ago. The regular high school course in art was the only formal instruction in that subject he ever had and Castellon refers gratefully to the considerate and helpful manner in which his talent was recognized and advanced. No school could give him what he did not have; at Erasmus, however, his abilities

were given opportunities to seek the light and flower. One of the ways in which the school fostered his talent was to give him wall spaces for murals, spaces which he attacked with the aplomb of youth. Before he had reached his eighteenth year he had painted for Erasmus two large murals, the first on no less pretentious a subject than "Sources and Influences of Modern Art," one hundred and eight square feet, and the second on "The Study of Academic and Cultural Subjects," one hundred and ninety-five square feet.

Even in Brooklyn he fed his mature



### ALL PASSION SPENT

tastes and inclinations. Even in Brooklyn there are museums and a bridge's distance away there is New York with more museums and many more libraries in which to read and study. Furthermore, he visited contemporary exhibitions and reflected upon what he saw. No one examining the drawings of Castellon which are reproduced in this issue of *Coronet* can mistake them for the work of an innocent who has never ventured beyond a country crossroad. They are the handiwork of a youth sophisticated by cosmopolitan contemporary movements.

Federico Castellon came into public notice in a curious way. Most young artists simply cart around a portfolio of typical work from door to door, hoping to strike a spark of interest from the eyes of a dealer, or a collector, or a critic, or a magazine editor, or even the art director of an advertising agency. Castellon did none of these things. He lacks the courtier's instinct so necessary to the bad artist, and sometimes to the good one. But he was acquainted with the owner of a hall in Brooklyn. Strange effects from strange causes. Diego Rivera,



### FIRST-BORN

the Mexican muralist since better known as Trotsky's host, was to make a speech at that hall. The owner coaxed Castellón forward to the speaker's dais and introduced him to Rivera. Rivera saw Castellón's work and became enthusiastic. Out of kindness, if not cowardice, Rivera, like other successful artists, has given youngsters non-committal pats on the head, but this time he meant it. He gave Castellón not only a pat on the head but a letter of introduction to Carl Zigrosser, the art director of E. Weyhe's Gallery. Followed a one-man show

for the young artist who had not yet reached twenty and the sale of drawings. Since then Mr. Zigrosser has served loyally as dealer and propagandist for the work of Federico Castellón. The young man from Spain has the pleasure of no longer working in the void. There are people—not many—who care; there are people—many more—who see; there are people—not so many—who buy. But the important thing is that the world is no longer the vast and limitless desert that young Castellón, in his discouraged moments, fancies it to be.

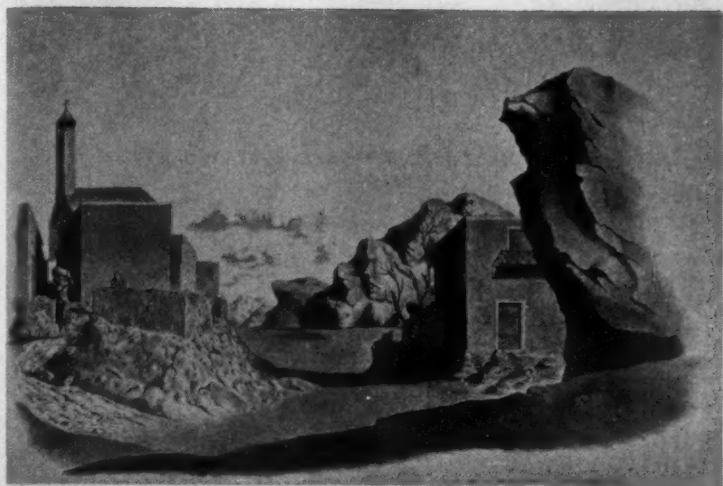


### THE GORDIAN KNOT

Followed a more important consequence from Diego Rivera's interest in young Castellon. The Spanish government was informed of the talent of its native son across the Atlantic and awarded him a traveling fellowship for four years. In 1934 he came home, so to speak, to a Spain governed by the reactionary Gil Robles. Had he remained the full term of his fellowship there is no telling in what form he would have survived to the present day. He remained in Europe for a year and a half. He studied the paintings in the Louvre, in Paris, and in the Prado, in Madrid. In the latter city the twenty-year-old

was given a one-man show. In Paris his work was shown as that of an equal with such veterans as Picasso, Miro, Dali, Juan Gris, Gargallo and others. It was an expansive period for Castellon, certainly so far as art was concerned, but a period in which the pressure of suspicion and terror weighed heavily upon him as upon others who were afflicted with even liberal tendencies. He cut short his fellowship by more than two years, returning early in 1936 to the United States where, at least, one could breathe freely, even in Brooklyn.

One of the themes which constantly recurs in Castellon's oils, drawings



SPANISH LANDSCAPE

and lithographs is that of escape. It may be called his main theme. His mind seems to be constantly reverting to that better land which is in every poet's wishful thinking. His drawings of classic sages, matrons and children, fully formed in mind and physique through his sensitive and delicate line, take us back to that golden age which is in every dissatisfied people's mythology. It is good to rest in that perfect shade which Castellon has recreated for himself, as much as for us, in compensation for the unsatisfactory world in which he has found himself. Some poets and artists are never content and Castellon would have day-

dreamed no matter in what period he had been born and lived. There are poets who rebel and poets who dream. Perhaps rebellion is made of sterner stuff than Federico Castellon. The rebel, for one, usually accepts the machine age, hoping to harness it for the greater good of the many. In Castellon's classic world there is no machinery, for he has learned to detest it, perhaps to fear it.

In his surrealist drawings the theme of escape recurs also but in them the theme is slightly complicated by symbolism. To those who can read that symbolism the drawings are full of autobiographical confession. The



### FROM ANCIENT TIMES

theme of sex, related to that of escape, also finds expression in Castellón's work, sometimes subtly but, other times, so broadly that there is no possibility of mistaking the meaning, however unversed one may be in symbolism, Freudian or otherwise. The lithograph entitled *The Gordian Knot* is the young bachelor's reflection on the difficulties of marriage.

In appearance Castellón is broad and stocky, but without giving the impression of being porcine. He does

worry a little about putting on weight. He represents the Spanish temperament on its darker side. He is melancholy and soft-spoken. He smiles rarely and then wryly. Even when he is all courteous attention he seems to be withdrawn, turned in upon himself. Life seems a little sad after one has met and talked with Federico Castellón—or even after one has looked at his masterly drawings and lithographs. But of one thing there is no doubt: he is a young master.—H. S.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

### EARLY ENGLISH POTTERY

The development of pottery in England, dating back to medieval times, reached its zenith in the 17th century at such centers as Wrotham and Staffordshire. Above is a Staffordshire posset cup which carries the legend: "Ann Draper this Cup I Made for You and So No More. I. W."

SEPTEMBER, 1938



#### POSSET CUP, 17TH CENTURY

A little short of ten inches in height, this cup was once used for making posset, a beverage of hot milk curdled by ale or wine. Its impressed and embossed design consists of the Prince of Wales' feathers and rosettes. It has four handles, one of which is fitted with a spout.



TYG, DATED 1627

This Wrotham tyg, or drinking cup, stands six inches high. The ornamentation—a fleur de lys, an oak spray and a legend carrying the date of fabrication—is stamped in relief on pads of clay. It is further decorated with twists of clay on the handles and a metal mount at the top.

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BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

#### OWL JUG, DATED 1680

This Staffordshire jug and cover in the form of an owl is eight and one-half inches high. It is an interesting example of slipware, the slip (a creamy mixture of clay and water applied with a brush or trailed on from a vessel with a fine spout) being ornamented to an unusual degree.

CORONET



*Night-Workers*  
*A Portfolio of Six Photographs*  
*By Brassai of Paris*

SEPTEMBER, 1938



DEUS EX MACHINA

CORONET

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THE LAST LAMP

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NIGHT BEAT

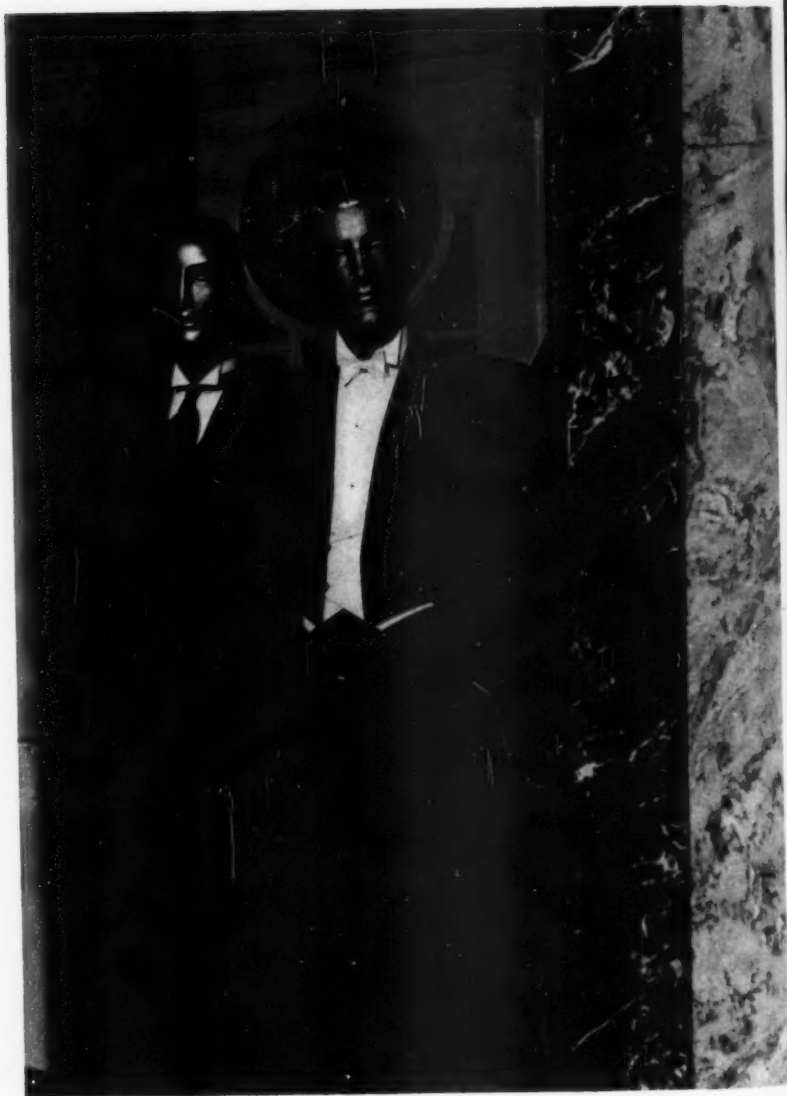
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THE CURTAIN RISES

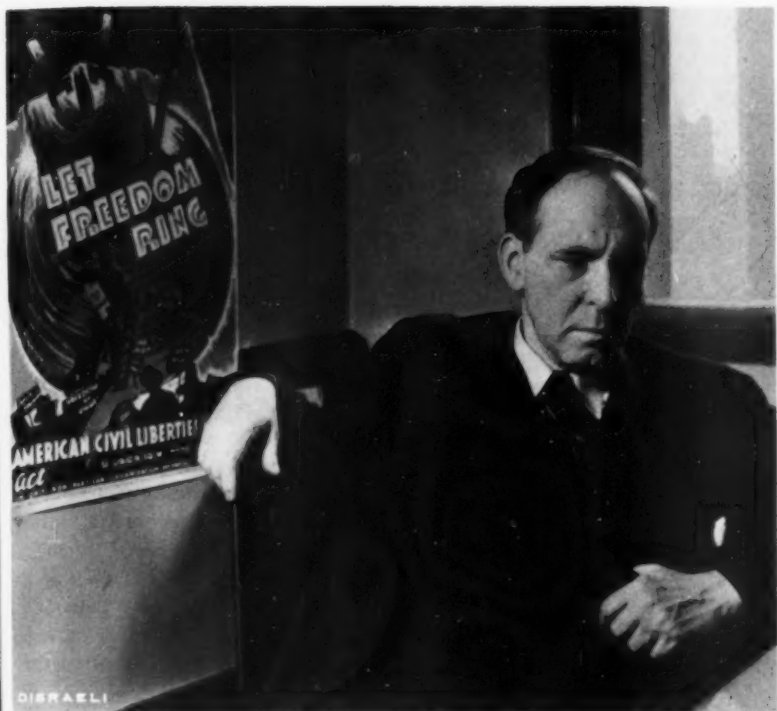
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THEY ALSO SERVE

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## ROGER N. BALDWIN

WHO BELIEVES IN LIBERALISM WITH PLENTY OF TEETH IN IT

AS DIRECTOR of American Civil Liberties Union, Roger N. Baldwin is perhaps the most powerful liberal in the U. S. Upon outbreak of a violation of civil liberties, Baldwin protests to the official responsible. Then, backed by 5,000 members and annual contributions averaging \$35,000, he enlists public sympathy, provides defense funds, furnishes lawyers like Morris L. Ernst, Arthur Garfield Hays

and Lloyd K. Garrison, who serve gratis. Baldwin formed the Union in 1920 to fight violations of labor and minority rights, figured in the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, Thomas Scopes, Tom Mooney, the Scottsboro Boys. Now he's fighting Frank Hague. A Harvard man, 54, and twice married, he is related to an old Boston family who consider him a natural product of Puritan tradition.

SEPTEMBER, 1938



## ELMER WHEELER

WHOSE "TESTED SENTENCE"  
SELLING BATTERS DOWN  
YOUR SALES RESISTANCE

LIKE the sucker in the old army game, you never get an even break with an Elmer Wheeler-trained salesman. "Don't give the customer a choice between something and nothing. Ask which—not if," says this successful sales psychologist. A Wheeler-instructed soda clerk doesn't ask *if* you want an egg in your malted. He holds up two eggs, queries "One or two?" Almost automatically you reply "One,"—to the tune of another nickel. Barbasol sales tripled when clerks asked, "Would you like to cut your shaving time in half?" Department and chain stores, gas stations and hotels use his service. The idea was born in 1927 when a newspaper sent him to learn why sales were low in an advertiser's store. His files hold 105,000 sentences tested on 19,000,000 customers. One of his staff prevented a suicide by saying the right thing—"You look *silly!*"—to a man poised on a window ledge.

## JILL EDWARDS

WHO GOES TOURING BY TRAILER AND IS STILL AN EXPONENT OF CHARM

LAST winter Jill Edwards and her golf-pro husband, Don Gardner, closed their big country house, where they regard forty dinner guests as a modest assemblage, and traveled 35,000 miles in a trailer through icy New York State while she lectured to 350 audiences on charm and personality. Author of *Personality Pointers*, conspiring half of radio's *Jill and Judy* and all of Mary Morgan in *First Nighter's* charm talks, she says her theories must be practical to work in a trailer, where one can't slam doors and retire in haughty silence. She charmingly balances her life with her husband's; next winter they trailer through the South for her lecture tour after she's spent the summer near a golf course. Born and raised in China, she has absorbed much Oriental patience and infinite courtesy. Ostensibly a career woman, actually she thinks a man should be head of his house, as her husband is.



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## ELIZABETH KELSEY

WHOSE UNUSUAL VOCATION IS BALANCED BY HER AVOCATIONS

RADIO and Elizabeth Kelsey have grown up together—from the days of sputtering crystal sets and spark transmitters. Today she is one of its few women engineers. Although a member of the American Institute of Radio Engineers, the International Television Society of London and the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences, all her talents don't run to mechanics. She paints well enough to hang an

occasional canvas in exhibits and she has won blue ribbons with her photographs. One day she stood waist-deep in the icy waters of Lake Michigan. The ice gave way beneath her but she got the picture. Miss Kelsey is a better than average violinist. Zenith Radio Corporation has placed her in charge of its studio laboratory and at head of its Ravox division, radio's new development for the hard of hearing.



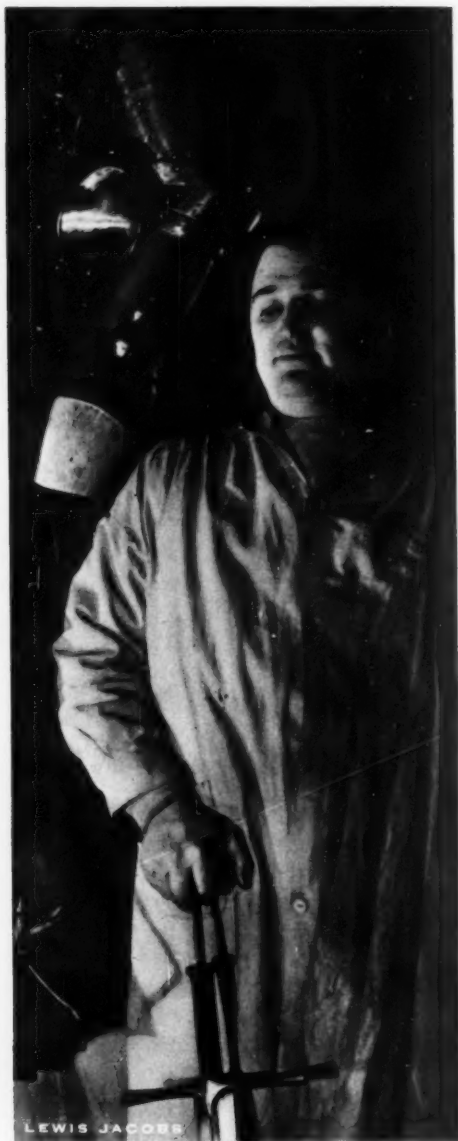
## CHESTER GOULD

WHO BRINGS DICK TRACY'S BLOODCURDLING DEEDS INTO YOUR HOME

DON'T snort disdainfully when Dick Tracy, the comic strip detective, slits open fishes' bellies to disclose smuggled aliens. Every case Tracy solves is based on actual police records. Chester Gould started the strip ten years ago during the gangsters' heyday, deeming an exposé of criminal tactics and police methods of dealing with them was timely. This strip first ignored the taboo against

showing police using firearms. Gould was trying to implant in young minds the thought that crime doesn't pay. His sugar-coated lessons are enthusiastically received and Tracy is one of young America's idols. Gould's ten-year-old daughter used to prefer the Katzenjammer Kids but lately she has come to think her father's work not bad. Gould has a farm near Woodstock, Illinois, says he's not much of a farmer.

SEPTEMBER, 1938



LEWIS JACOB

### KENNETH LYNCH

WHO IS A SUCCESS  
WITH SWORDS IN A  
MACHINE GUN AGE

WHEN the depression came and many were forced to new fields, Kenneth Lynch began making armor, from which grew his \$15,000-a-year sword and saber business. Collectors and theatrical producers contribute most to that sum. The average piece sells at \$100. Lynch's biggest order—400 sabers—was for the film *The Crusaders*. In ten years he has furnished blades for almost every American production of *Siegfried*. His masterpiece was turned out for Lauritz Melchior's hundredth performance. The 33-year-old ex-blacksmith is trying to interest the Army in a saber he designed. The Army abandoned sabers except for dress, but he thinks he can sell it anyway as it will not only mince the enemy but will cut barbed wire, mow fields, shoe horses, uncap hand grenades and open cans of beans. Next to the Army, Lynch's favorite account is Franz Sargas, hot-headed Hungarian duelist.

## FATHER HUTCHINSON

WHO HERALDS THE  
YEARLY "MIRACLE  
OF THE SWALLOWS"

USING modern methods to gain funds to restore and carry on the work and traditions of the old Mission Padres, Reverend Father Arthur J. Hutchinson, padre of California's 1776-founded San Juan Capistrano Mission, twice each year puts on simple broadcasts so that people all over the earth may know that once again one of nature's greatest mysteries has come to pass. The fame of this miracle, the punctual-as-the-sun-itself arrival each year at the Mission of thousands of swallows on St. Joseph's Day, March 19, and their as punctual departure on St. John's Day, October 23, is world wide now that it is being released in today's style by this respected Padre. The increased fame of the "Mission of the Swallows" each day brings hundreds of visitors, most of whom ask to contribute to the restoration of the beautiful structure which was destroyed in the earthquake of 1812.



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## *LT.-COLONEL JOHN C. HABKIRK*

*WHO BRINGS THE BIBLE TO MEN BEHIND THE GREY STONE WALLS*

**E**IGHT years ago a "five times loser" in the Lansing (Kansas) State Prison suggested to Lt.-Colonel John C. Habkirk of the Salvation Army that he conduct revival meetings in the prison. After a week's sermons there, Colonel Habkirk was invited to other prisons and last year conducted revivals at eight of the Middle West's large institutions. To keep in touch with the men, he started a correspond-

ence course in Bible study, now enrolling about 2,000 students. Many continue to study after they have been released. An officer for more than forty years, news of Colonel Habkirk's impending retirement brought hundreds of protesting letters from prisoners. So his retirement will be only of an official nature, and he will go on with his talks and banjo-accompanied poems for men living behind bars.

## MAN WITH A CAUSE

MANY A DROWSY WORSHIPER NODDED OUTSIDE  
UNTIL ALFRED STIEGLITZ OPENED WIDE THE DOOR



STIEGLITZ made no bones about stalking the utterly utter. He brought Montparnasse to Madison Avenue and taught the infant America to say "Dada."

He is a self-made individualist—and proud of it. Hair sprouts boldly from his ears. A cape flaunts itself from his slightly-drooping shoulders. Behind it you expect to find Gertrude Stein. Sometimes you do.

In his shadow, "groups" spring up. And the little magazines that bravely die so that art might live.

Darting about his place are vigorous and somewhat undersized acolytes who will tell you at the drop of a hat what Stieglitz lived for and what he will die for. In front of his face they talk of him always in the third person, just as though he were the Living

Buddha . . . or a long time dead.

Gertrude Stein said of him: "I can remember him dark and I felt him

having white hair.

He can do both of these things or anything. Now that sounds as if it were the same thing or not a difficult thing but it is it just is, it is a difficult thing to do two things as one but he just can that is what Stieglitz is and is important to every one oh yes he is whether they know it or not oh yes he is."

This is scarcely an opinion that the

*New Masses* would concur in. In these years of economic light with the West declining in streamlined haste the war to liberate Spirit seems mighty small fry.

Yet the record should say that Stieglitz fought the brave fight for the things he believed in. He steadfastly



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL STRAND

*Alfred Stieglitz*

held that photography was a fine art. He spilt blood "passion." He doggedly fought the Royal Academy—wherever he could find it. He made America safe for flowering phalli and *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

And withal Stieglitz, in his day, was not only one of the great photographers of all times, but perhaps the greatest entrepreneur and propagandist photography will ever have. This is a broad statement.

He ushered in an epoch.

Over and above his personal quirks and peculiarities, it is significant that he accepted and sponsored the *real* world with its machines, steel buildings, its clouds. In his own work he accepted the mechanics of the camera and made it responsive as a brush.

★ ★ ★

This goes back to 1864, in Hoboken, where Stieglitz was born amid the backwash of the Civil War.

It was a pleasant home Stieglitz was born into. There was much sweetness and light. The elder Stieglitz, a wealthy woolen merchant, formerly a manufacturer of mathematical instruments, looked on business as an unpleasant necessity. He loved art, sport, fine wines, and good talk. He provided much of each for his family.

In time the family moved to New York. Stieglitz matriculated at City College, where he showed a special aptitude for mathematics. A certain professor Werner, related to the family, convinced the elder Stieglitz that the future of the country lay in the

hands of scientists and engineers, and proposed that Alfred cultivate his natural bent in this direction, studying abroad.

With this as a contributing factor, the family, in 1881, set up house in Europe. Stieglitz was prepared for a year at the Karlsruhe Gymnasium, then enrolled in the mechanical engineering department of Berlin Polytechnic. It is said that old Mr. Stieglitz insisted on Berlin Polytechnic, rather than the school in Zurich, because the latter was reported to be filled with exotic, cigarette-smoking Russian women.

One day in a little shop in the Klosterstrasse he saw, was fascinated by, and invested in that new thaumaturgic instrument, the camera.

The following winter he registered in the Polytechnic for a course in photo-chemistry.

It should be remembered that these were primitive days. The photographer prepared his own emulsions, coated his own plates, sensitized his own paper. He had to know his chemistry, his optics, his mechanics.

Stieglitz took off his coat. He worked in laboratories long through the nights. He improvised dark rooms. He set himself problems. He sounded the limitations of his materials and pushed further.

With his new and developed techniques he then set about interpreting life as he saw it, wielding the camera's lens as an extension of his own eye.

Time passed.

He went to Italy. He made pictures



### THE TERMINAL, 1892

In the course of rescuing the New York Camera Club from its threatened fate as a cycling fraternity, Stieglitz went boldly to work on the metropolitan scene. This is one of the many fine action effects he produced, using the dramatic backgrounds of rain, snow, and fog.

in Lombardy—in Bellagio and Mantua and Venice. He caught genre scenes, honest, straightforward pulsations of life.

Several of these, sent to London to the Amateur Photographers Competition, won first prize—a medal and a purse. He was asked where he learned composition—an ironic question. He had no knowledge of formal rules of composition, and cared less.

He worked in the Black Forest and in the Tyrol. He sent pictures to the numerous competitions and

exhibitions in all parts of the world.

★ ★ ★

In 1892, shortly before the New York Society of Amateur Photographers entertained the notion of becoming a bicycle club, Stieglitz settled down to the serious task of unfolding Manhattan on a photographic plate.

He shot the city through snowstorms. He prowled through the night. He shot immigrants, streets under rain and mists, smoke against clouds. He took on the burden of making known and felt greatly the things he saw and



**HANDS OF GEORGIA O'KEEFFE, 1918**

The simple drama of these hands started a trend that opened new worlds to advertising photography. America sells more nail polish today, more soap and more hand lotions because O'Keeffe held up her hands to Stieglitz. Seldom remembered, these are million dollar hands.

felt. He began publishing other people's work: six volumes of the now historic *Camera Notes*, fifty numbers of *Camera Work*. The Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain later spoke of *Camera Work* as "the most artistic record of photography ever attempted."

Then the field began to broaden.

In 1905, at 291 Fifth Avenue, Stieglitz with Edward Steichen, set up a formal gallery devoted to photography. It was known as "The Little Galleries of Photo Secession." Consecrated to a vital and creative spirit in photography, it opened the door for experiment and development and invited in all who were prepared to accept photography as a legitimate art.

In the course of time, Stieglitz expanded his protean personality. Why confine "Secession" to photography? There is no limit to the so-called human spirit. Gold is where you plant it.

"Secession" evolved. It took on the name "291" and all creation as its province. The door was flung open for "stream of consciousness," and O'Keeffe and Gertrude Stein strode in, arm in arm.

The reader must remember: these were stark Victorian days, long before Van Gogh became Whistler's mother.

"291" hung Picasso, Henri Rousseau, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Braque, and Picabia, Hartley, Marin, Doyé, and Max Weber. Steichen sent over from Paris the drawings of Rodin, and the work of Matisse,

leader of "the wild animals"—*les fauves*.

There was a stir in the town. "They call that art" became fighting words, and brother took up arms against brother.

Then the war arrived and everything stopped.

Work was taken up again, officially, when Stieglitz exhibited 145 of his prints, in 1921, in two rooms atop the Anderson Galleries. By way of explanation, the catalogue was prefaced with this credo:

"My teachers have been life—work—continuous experiment. Incidentally a great deal of hard thinking. Anyone can build on this experience with means available to all.

"Many of my prints exist in one example only. Negatives of the earlier work have nearly all been lost or destroyed. There are but few of my early prints in existence. Every print I make, even from one negative, is a new experience—a new problem. For unless I am able to vary—add—I am not interested. There is no mechanicalization, but always photography."

This exhibition covered the entire range of Stieglitz's work—up to 1921. He called it "the sharp focusing of an idea" . . . his idea. Stieglitz stood out like a Walt Whitman in a new field: self-consciously honest and lustily swinging the broad axe.

The somewhat-lush Paul Rosenfeld looked on the pictures and pronounced them "actually, symbols of the Most High." Mr. Rosenfeld also found

himself "in the presence of Life itself."

\* \* \*

The second all-Stieglitz show was held at the Anderson Galleries two years later. Most revolutionary and copy-making was a section of the exhibition entitled "Music—A Sequence of Ten Cloud Subjects."

This latter was literally flight into space. Pure Abstraction. Mr. Stieglitz into Mr. Stieglitz.

"I knew exactly what I was after. I had told Miss O'Keeffe I wanted a series of photographs which when seen by Ernest Bloch (the great composer) he would exclaim: 'Music! Music! Man, why that is music! How did you ever do that?' And he would point to violins, and flutes, and oboes, and brass, full of enthusiasm, and would say he'd have to write a symphony called *Clouds*. Not like Debussy's but *much, much more* . . ."

\* \* \*

A third concentrated exhibition of Stieglitz's work was held in the Anderson Galleries in March, 1924. It offered another series of cloud pictures, which Stieglitz called "Songs of the Sky—Secrets of the Skies as Revealed by My Camera and Other Prints."

It was announced, at this time, that twenty-seven of Stieglitz's pictures had been acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Moreover, the doors of this ultra-conservative institution were permanently opened to photography.

This was an important victory for Stieglitz, whose world view was never subjective. He was concerned with

*photography*, not *his* photography; with things in themselves, not the people who were attached to them.

His was a catholic ego, and he would go to bat for the whole world.

A year later, Stieglitz again took up the job of weaving parallel threads into a tenuous cord. He established another "center." This time fixing the Anderson Galleries as headquarters, room 303. This center was christened "The Intimate Gallery." Concentrating on "Seven Americans," Stieglitz, O'Keeffe, Marin, Dove, Hartley, Paul Strand, and a so-called "Number Seven," the unknown, this place was to be, in every sense of the word—*intimate*. "The intimate, the private, the personal . . . and the public, were to be brought into direct juxtaposition."

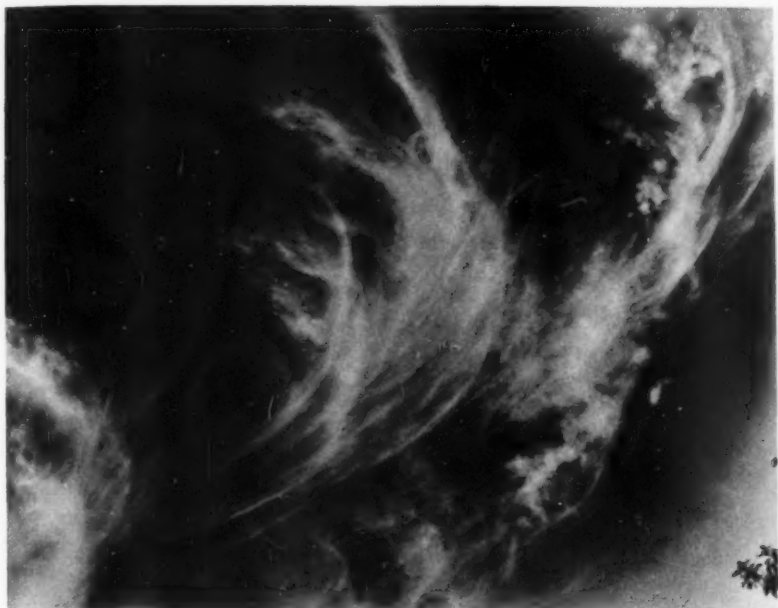
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Some fifty years have passed since Stieglitz started out to liberate the spirit. Many things have happened. Small ideas now quickly gather into thunderclouds; and the brave new world has become prematurely old.

Stieglitz is selling an outmoded commodity. In these parlous times, "art" is "eat"—or something very close to it. And one must concede that the chief weakness of abstraction is that it doesn't give a man anything concrete to sink his teeth into.

Holding hard to his faith in the importance of art, life has sold him down the river.

As the years passed, he talked his litany of life and beauty. He talked on and on, incessantly, thinking aloud,



### EQUIVALENT, 1923

One of a group of cloud studies made by Stieglitz "to find out what I'd learned about photography in forty years." Pure compositions in abstract form, these "songs of the sky" formed what was then a radical section of the second all-Stieglitz show at the Anderson Galleries.

Like Dr. Johnson, Oscar Wilde, and Chic Sales, Stieglitz is one of the world's great monologists. His words and his ideas carry on without cease, like the downpour in *Rain*.

This talk, plus a haunting curiosity about people's reactions, has made Stieglitz a terror to innocent wayfarers of his gallery. A visitor will be idly gazing at an O'Keeffe or a cloud photograph, silently puzzling things out. Suddenly a stealthy figure steals up behind. In two minutes the victim

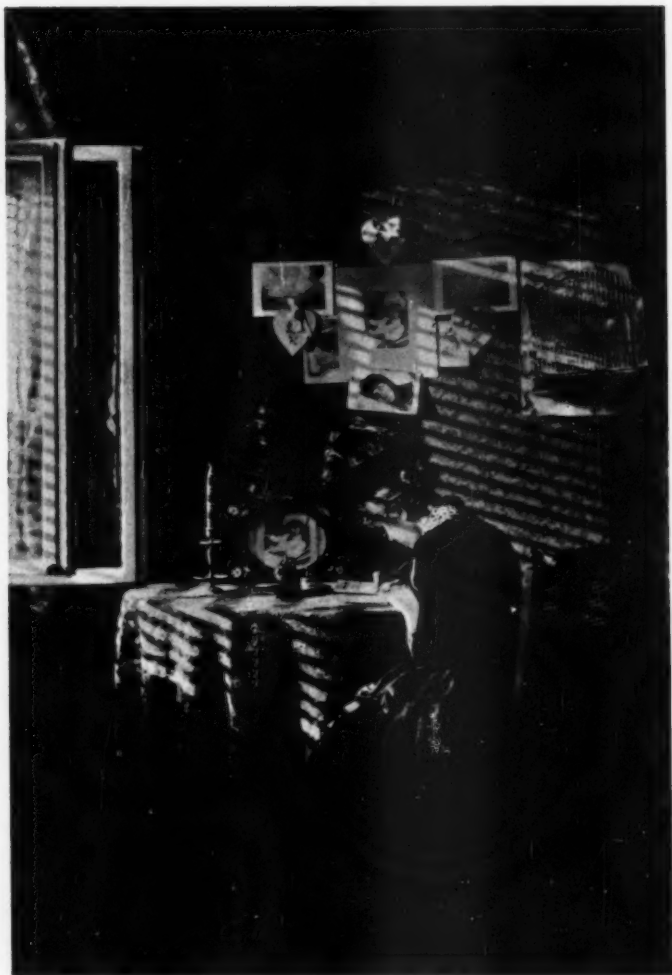
will be awfully sorry that he came.

"Well," growls the maestro, "what does it mean to you?"

The visitor hems, haws, hedges. He takes a practical shift: "It's clouds, isn't it?"

"What does it matter what it is? That's not the problem. What I want to know is what does it do to you . . . here." He thumps his chest.

Then Stieglitz will start. "Last week a young girl saw that picture. She looked for a long while. Then she



LIGHT AND SHADOW, 1889

All of Stieglitz's pictures must be considered in relation to their time. Many of his things seem old hat today, yet aside from its aesthetic and historical value, this fifty-year-old photograph would command attention at any contemporary show as a technical tour de force.

turned and said: 'Mr. Stieglitz that picture makes me want just to open up!'"

Then will come a long stream of theory, analysis, history, anecdotes, and, over all, a persistent attack of the aesthetic susceptibilities of the poor, blundering listener.

Several other instances illustrate Stieglitz's eccentric, but distinctive flavor:

From the time he took entrepreneurship seriously, he collected photographs. When he saw a picture which measured up by his yardstick, he bought it. In each case he paid the blanket sum of \$100.

This is no mean sum today. In those days it was largesse—and paid out of the independent, but never-full depths of his own pocket.

Time came when this collection began to take on proportions. Stieglitz then scaled his project on broader lines. He saw a museum—a permanent home—for photographic art. Something on a grander scale than he could finance; something part of the country itself.

There was talk in Stieglitz's gallery with an Eastman factotum.

"After all," said Stieglitz, "Eastman did more to popularize photography than anybody else in this country—even though he should have been shot on the spot for coining the phrase: 'You press the button, we do the rest.'" There was much red tape.

Finally the company's manager pronounced a dictum. No!

It is against Mr. Eastman. It would undermine his whole philosophy. It would ruin his business. Why? Well, Mr. Eastman built Eastman by avoiding favoritism. What does that have to do with a museum? Well, a museum has to make a selection, doesn't it? And somebody doesn't get selected. He'll be sore. He'll boycott.

"To me," said Stieglitz, "this meant only one thing: the greatest exploiter of photography was interested in it for only one thing—to make money."

The experience with Eastman was a set-back. There seemed no place in America for photography as an art. This country seemed much vaster than any Ausean stable; Stieglitz was tired of playing Hercules; and no one was interested in having the place swept.

He decided to burn his collection.

The word got about. And a representative arrived from the Metropolitan.

Stieglitz had been stung, years back, when Sir Purdon Clark issued his bull against unrest. He had pushed uphill with innovators and tradition-breakers, while bulwarks of respectability stood smugly by. Now that "know-nothings" were knighted, he was not to be bribed by a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

"Tell your Museum," he said, "I wouldn't sell the Metropolitan a picture if I were starving.

"Tell them, too, I am throwing these pictures in the ash barrel. They will be out of my place in twenty-four hours.

"If the Metropolitan wants to send a scavenger, that's the Museum's priv-



#### EQUIVALENT, 1924

Stieglitz had been accused of deriving his effects from unusual subject matter. He made his cloud studies to prove that the quality of his work was "not due to subject matter—not to special trees, faces, or special privileges. Clouds are there for everyone—no tax on them yet."

ilege. I have nothing to do with it."

The Metropolitan sent a scavenger.

Today, Stieglitz will tell you he is through, Art has no real place, no function in America. He will tell you that America has given the world only two significant things: poker and the screaming eagle. The first is a game of bluff. The second is a bird distinguished for its noise. It's the symbol of our only native industry—advertising.

But for all that, he stoically stands sentinel in an austere little gallery in a

modern office building on Madison Avenue at Fifty-third Street. Still devoted to America—"An American Place."

Still on a busy street, it is as far as Thibet from any beaten trail. Neglected by the Right because it is Left; it is deserted by the Left because it contributes nothing toward barricades. Here, Stieglitz—tired, old, unembittered and increasingly voluble—bravely fights on for the "eternal verities."

—ROBERT MARKS

## A WORD TO WRITERS

CAPSULE SYMPOSIUM ON THE ESSENTIAL  
NATURE OF THE LITERARY IMPULSE



A FRENCH translation has just been published of some really admirable letters, written by the Austrian poet Rilke to a young writer who was asking him for advice. There are some pages in it that I would wish all those to read who ask themselves, sometimes anxiously, and who ask others, sometimes heavily, if they are made for literary creating.

Nobody can advise or aid you, answers Rilke, nobody. "There is only one road. Enter on it yourself, seek the need which makes you write; examine it and see if it thrusts its roots deep into your heart." If the answer is yes: "Then get close to nature. Try to tell, as though you were the first man, what you see, what you live, love, lose. . . . Speak of your sadness and your desires, the thoughts that come to you, your faith in a beautiful thing. Tell all this with an intimate, tranquil, and humble sincerity. . . . A work of art is good when it is born from necessity."

And this necessity, this pressing need to write, from what is it born? Bernard Grasset, in a fine essay on the creative life that follows Rilke's let-

ters, helps us reply: "A man perfectly happy," he says, "however gifted he may be, would not create." You are tempted to protest? Consider the greatest examples. There is not an illustrious writer's life which is not a confirmation of that statement, and of this one, related to it, of Paul Valéry: "A writer requites himself as he may for some injustice of fate."

The work, born of moral suffering, delivers its creator. The classic example is Goethe. He knew the torments of the spirit and the heart which he loaned to Werther; he was, like Werther, very close to suicide. But because he wrote *Werther* he soon ceased to be Werther and because Werther killed himself, Goethe lived.

Now by what mechanism does the work of art save the artist? For one thing there is a benefit analogous to that of confession. Only the artist's confession is indirect and circuitous. They are not the facts of his own life; other lives permit him, by mysterious detours, to express himself.

But Rilke says these things much better than I. If you are tempted to write, read these letters. —ANDRÉ MAUROIS

## RED EARS

WHO WAS THIS MAN, MUSTAFA AHMED, WHO  
WAS SPURRING ARABIA TO A NEW DESTINY?



THAT Sunday morning did not get away to an exciting start at Enoch Gough's cigar store. Only two charter members of the stove club braved the snow and cold to digest late breakfasts and early Saturday evening editions of the Sunday paper. The daily train from Chicago had wheezed in two hours late and the highways were snowbound. Telephone wires were down. There was no communication from the outside world, except radio programs. No one could imagine a finer set-up for a quiet day, but Enoch knew it was a big one for him. Something was going to happen, though he couldn't predict what. He only knew it was likely to break loose any minute.

As he relaxed a bit and executed a three-point landing on the stool behind the counter, it seemed to him that his feeling of suppressed excitement must communicate itself to the two companions of his youth, there present. But they paid no more heed to his unusual emotions than to his extraordinary appearance, which was commonplace to them. He was small featured, short, pudgy and generally

reminiscent of a nubbin ear of corn with two red kernels on it. Nature accomplished this striking effect by coloring the lobes of both his ears a fiery red, before he was born. In summer these birthmarks were profitable, for tourists and vacationists seemed weirdly fascinated by them and told one another about him. Summertime was when things happened in Middleboro, so no resident, except Enoch, anticipated anything more than a dull winter Sunday.

"Not a thing in the paper today, Doc," remarked Sam Kulp the constable, who specializes in crime and rotogravures. Doctor Stanton turned to the front page. Nothing there, except a four column revolt in Arabia, led by a fanatical firebrand who had founded a new dynasty and made a treaty with the British Empire.

"Well, that's quite a revolt in Arabia," asserted Doc.

"Arabia, you say Doc?" asked Enoch from his seat behind the counter. "I only saw the headlines. Arabia is out of my territory. I wouldn't know anything about it."

Since serving a cruise in the Navy

more than thirty years ago, Enoch is an authority on the Mediterranean Sea and the countries bordering it.

"Well, I'll have it moved up to the Mediterranean for you, Enoch. Any place you say. Where'll it be?" Doc always goads any idle conversation to work.

"Syria!" Enoch sounded like Doc might do it and he had to speak quickly to pick the right place. "Aye gosh, Doc, Beirut is just like the old home town to me. We laid there for eighteen months aboard the Cruiser *Madison*."

"By God, Doc," Sam spoke with an ulterior motive, "I'll bet Enoch has lots of stories up his sleeve that he never told us."

Enoch glanced around the store. Only the three cronies were there and he had to unload his mind on someone.

"Did I ever tell you fellers about Lilla?" he asked.

"Nope. You never did," they both affirmed.

"It's a funny thing . . . I dreamed about her last night. I knew her more than thirty years ago and I said to myself this morning, 'Something is sure going to happen to me today.' I dreamed about her the night before Abby and me was married and the night before Elmer my boy got his call to preach. It always means something important when I see her in my dreams and last night she was plainer than ever before. Ain't most of your dreams sort of greyish, just like on a Novem-

ber day when it's going to snow?"

"Well now you speak of it, I guess that's so. Everything is sort of grey," admitted Doc.

"That's the way it's always been with me, but last night everything was in regular colors like these colored movies. There was the blue Mediterranean and the blue sky that is twice as blue as the sea or any sky you ever saw. There was all the colors you see in Beirut. The white buildings and red roofs. Lilla lived in a little alley just off of Arrat Street. It isn't really Arrat Street either. The sailors called it that because there was a sign with Arrat on it at every corner where the street cars stop. Lilla's door opened right off the alley. I could see the sun shining on the brown stone floor as I came in. She clapped her hands with joy to see me and lighted a fire in the funny fireplace that was waist high in the wall. I could see her black curls hanging over the collar of the middy blouse I gave her, while she puffed at the fire with the bellows."

"Was this Lilla a girl you really knew in Beirut, Enoch?" asked Doc.

"You bet! You should have seen her. She was the cutest little thing you ever saw. I don't suppose she weighed over seventy-five pounds sopping wet. About fifteen years old I guess, with eyes that spurted black fire and a million jet curls that snapped back in place when I pulled 'em, like the recoils of a three inch gun."

"What nationality was she?" asked

Sam. "Sounds like an Arabian to me."

"I'm not sure, but I think she was Greek. She couldn't speak any English when I first knew her, except all the dirtier cuss words."

"What was she, Enoch, a—" Enoch cut Doc short not wanting him to say the word.

"I suppose she was, but not while I was there. She lived in those two rooms with an old hag who was her mother, maybe. I was nineteen and I sure 'learned about women from her.' One day a girl down the alley spoke to me and Lilla came out with a dagger and would have finished us both if I hadn't been quick. The little cuss had never known anyone who was kind, so when I brought her a neckerchief or a rating badge or something like that from the States, she clapped her hands and almost had hysterics she was so happy. She would say, 'I love A-nook Goo.' That was as close as she could come to saying Enoch Gough."

"How did you pick her up in the first place?" Enoch hesitated a moment before answering Sam's question.

"That was a funny thing too. I was ashore with the boat crew when we first dropped anchor in Beirut, before the liberty party came ashore. Lilla saw my red ears and ran out to grab hold of them. She thought they were ruby ear rings."

Enoch seldom talks about his ears. He was the first of his line to be so marked, but not the last. Instead of conferring genius or power upon his offspring

he simply transmitted to them the only distinction he possessed. Every one of the six has one or two red ear lobes.

"Your red ears came in handy, eh Enoch?" chuckled Doc.

"It was time they did. Here in the States the girls I met all went green around the gills and I'd know right away it was my ears. Lilla was different. She thought they were just the final touch that made me perfect. It was pretty tough for both of us when the *Madison* was ordered home. Lilla stood the news better than she ever stood anything she didn't like before. I thought it was funny when I said good-bye that last evening. We were sailing at dawn and I had to be aboard by midnight. Well sirs, just as we swung the mudhook the next morning, Lilla climbed aboard the ship from a bumboat. The gangway was in and she came up a sea ladder. She'd known all along she was going to the States with me. Such hell you never saw. The *Madison* was gathering way so the Captain put her astern, four bells and a jingle while he bellowed through a megaphone from the bridge, 'Get that slut over the side.' You could hear him from stem to stern. If you was ever in the Navy, you would know that a sailor obeys the Captain's orders like everybody will obey Gabriel's trumpet at the Last Day. That was what made it so awful when I called back, 'Aye aye Sir!' and found I couldn't push Lilla away from me. I didn't have the

heart to do it. The four marines who put her back in the bumboat have got teeth marks on them yet, if they are still alive. I thought they pulled my heart out too."

"Sam," sighed Doc reverently, "there's a man who knows the secret of happiness. What he is going to keep forever, he leaves behind him."

"I heard from Lilla two years later," Enoch continued quietly.

"How?"

"The *St. Paul* made a cruise in the Mediterranean and when she came back I hunted up a sailor I knew aboard her and asked him how things were in Beirut."

"What did he say?"

"Oh he laughed like hell about a little girl named Lilla who kept pointing at her eighteen-months-old baby and saying, 'See! See! Madison!' Then she'd laugh like it was the biggest joke."

"I'll be!" exclaimed Doc. "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"He didn't remember."

"Did it have your red ears?" asked Sam.

"I never knew at the time that I was the only man on God's green earth who could beget children with red ears. I found that out after Abby and me was married."

Doc's face lighted with remembrance. "Do you remember when Elmer your oldest boy let out his first yelp and I tried hard to wipe the red off his ears and it wouldn't wipe?"

"You bet, Doc," responded Enoch.

"How's Elmer doing?" inquired Doc. Elmer is the preacher and should be some comfort to Enoch.

"He's doing all right, only most of his pay is in potatoes and rutabagas. I guess Elmer's call to preach was a wrong number."

"You don't need to be ashamed of your children," assured Sam. "They ain't bad kids."

"I know they ain't bad. The other two boys are good steady workers and the girls all got married in plenty of time so it was hardly noticeable when their babies came."

"Well one thing everybody says, Enoch, is that you have always been a good father." Having delivered himself of this measure of praise, Sam started home through the snow. Doc followed, but paused at the door.

"How do you think anything can happen to you today?" he inquired. "The train was late and the highway is blocked with snow. What can happen on a day like this?"

"I don't know," replied Enoch, switching on the radio, "but I would bet this cigar store against a plugged nickel that it does just the same. It has never failed yet. I always get the news commentator at eleven. Want to hear him, Doc?"

"Nope I got to get some sleep, but you do that Enoch. It's all the excitement you'll get today." With that he laughed and slammed the door behind him. The vibrant voice of the commentator came in clear as a bell.

"—and the hot spot of the World

this week is Arabia and the man of the week is Mustafa Ahmed. Who is this man, the first since the days of Fuzzy Wuzzy to break a British square, then unite Arabia and compel Great Britain to conclude a treaty with him? And the answer is—Nobody knows. Born in Beirut, Syria, about thirty-two years ago of a common mother whom Mustafa himself recalls only by the name of Lilla, yet he has taken Arabia between his knees like a good horseman and ridden to found a dynasty."

"Jerusalem!" remarked Enoch, hastily removing the hot end of the cigar from his mouth.

"The faithful worshipers of Allah in Arabia are not worried about his ancestry, believing they know who he is. According to Arabian soothsayers, Mustafa is marked with the royal sign of the house of Ishmael, the wild son of Ibrahim, father of the Semitic races. The lower half of Mustafa's ears are so crimson they give the appearance of fiery red ear rings and these birthmarks which the soothsayers have explained, are good enough to unite nearly ten million Mohammedans into fanatical worship of their new Emir."

Enoch's hand quivered as he flipped the paper open on the cigar case. "There he is! Red ears and all!"

"No European diplomat would be surprised if on some not far distant tomorrow, Mustafa was received in London by King George himself, with all the pomp of the British Empire.

Through the courtesy of the British Broadcasting Company you are going to hear the voice of (shall we venture to predict?) the man of the year. This broadcast from the heart of the desert comes to you by cable from Cairo, Egypt, to London and is rebroadcast from there via short waves. Mustafa Ahmed is delivering a message to his followers in Arabia where millions are awaiting it far out on the desert's dusty face. The next voice you hear will be Emir Mustafa Ahmed."

"Emir Mustafa Ahmed Gough," corrected Enoch, giving special emphasis to the last name while he scanned the picture of his first-born son who was a mighty man of Allah.

"Allahu il Allah! Allah Akbar!"

Mustafa's voice, calling the faithful to prayer, fell on the red ears of one who had lived to see the glory of the Lord. As the message continued, Enoch's material surroundings faded away. Everything about him passed from his ken. Under the magic of his son's strange tongue, he was translated to a high sand dune and looked down on the splendor of a regal Arabian camp, where Mustafa stood before a tent, talking to his own people. And Lilla the little harlot of Beirut was at Enoch's side, flashing black fire from her eyes and clapping her hands in ecstasy as she was always wont to do when he brought her wonderful gifts from the States. Truly, all of his seed had not fallen upon stony ground.

—RALPH MUNSON

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for  
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